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THE MUSES

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JULY

MONTHLY

1864.

AND REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE  
THE DRAMA THE ARTS.

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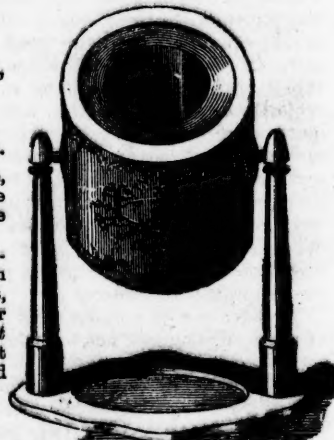
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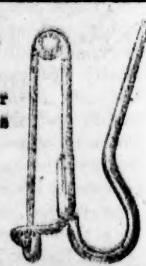
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JULY 1st, 1864.

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## Editorials.

### CONDITION OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

IN a recent number, after a conscientious examination of the question, we came to the conclusion that the condition of music on the Continent was not such as to entitle the composers of the day who represent the three leading continental schools to take equal rank with the great masters of the past. Of course, in this critical age we could hardly expect that any strong opinion on this debatable subject would pass without comment. We are quite aware that many respectable critics are likely to dissent from our view: they swear by the present position of music, and by the merits of the living composers; they have no faith in WAGNER, and they prognosticate a glorious future for VERDI. We do not write for severe judges: we write for a less learned class, and, we may be permitted to add, for less prejudiced readers.

We have now to consider what is the condition of music in England, and to solve this question—can we come to a more favourable conclusion with regard to the status of what we claim the right to designate the “English school of music”? It may here be said that in continental circles, and, indeed, even among our own musical critics, there is a tendency to pooh-pooh the claims of England to take rank as a musical school. It is, however, admitted on all sides that we have many great names in our catalogue of British musicians; that we possess a magnificent fund of national music; that we are making great progress in the higher mysteries of composition; but it is denied that we are yet entitled to place ourselves on the same elevated platform that the three leading continental schools occupy, certainly, not as respects two, the Italian and the German, should there be a doubt about the superiority of France. If a more generally-diffused taste for music—a taste equally as strong in the middle and the working classes as in the higher ranks of society, stronger and more general than in any other nation—if a larger body of original composers whose works extend over three centuries, who enjoyed and deserved a high reputation even at a time when two at least of the continental schools had little or no established reputation—if a musical repertory comprising a larger variety of original composition than any other musical nation can show, are, in their combined force, sufficient to confer on a nation the possession of a national school of music, then England is unquestionably entitled to claim that distinction. It may, however, be argued that even a generally-diffused taste for music does not prove the existence of a national school. Paradoxes of this nature have been put forward with vast assurance by more than one musical publication of pretension. Let us see how the case really stands. It is generally conceded that PURCELL was the founder of what we will call the “English” school of music. This is only correct in a limited sense, for it would give us a musical life of not more than two centuries and a half; but

our records prove that we possessed a school of music essentially *English* more than a century before PURCELL appeared. We can point to that store of charming madrigals and songs which have survived the tooth of time as irrefragable evidence that our ancestors appreciated true music as highly as the present generation, and that our oldest composers were fully instructed in all the leading principles of what constitutes the science of harmony. We do not, however, mean to assert for these old composers the possession of that profound insight into the recondite mysteries of musical science which foreign masters of a century ago exhibit in their matchless works; but we do claim for them in the three grand divisions of the science, melody, harmony, and rhythm, a thorough knowledge of the leading principles which form the foundation of the whole modern science of music. If we analyse the old madrigals and songs which have come down to us, we shall discover that, with all our vaunted progress, we have done nothing more in this direction than to effect doubtful improvements on the models we have taken and adopted. Have we anything from modern English composers to surpass the charming productions of WILBYE, PAXTON, BYRD, LOCKE, PURCELL, and other true musicians of the same era? But we are somewhat forestalling our task of determining the relative position of England in the community of musical nations, and vindicating her right to claim the honour of a “musical school.” Now, by the term musical school we do not mean that the highest genius must be displayed in peculiar and special branches of the science. We do not limit the term musical school to what we may without very marked violation of verbal propriety call the epic department—oratorios, operas, sinfonias, and religious music. We hold, that, though a nation may only take second rank in several of these branches of the science, yet that a nation may acquire the right to be ranked among the musical schools of the world, by virtue of excellence in what, for want of a more appropriate phrase, we will designate the lyrical or lighter musical departments. In the term “lyrical,” we specially include such compositions as glees, madrigals, duets, songs—sentimental, pathetic, humorous, and convivial—in short, all those compositions which are requisite to form domestic music of a truly national character, but which are regarded by the high scientific school with dislike and disdain. Now in every one of these departments, we fearlessly assert that England stands without a superior, if, indeed, she has a rival. What nation can parallel the phalanx of musical talent this country has produced within the last century? Take a few names which have become almost household words among us. WEBBE, CALLCOTT, STEEVENS, HORSLEY, STEVENSON, SPOFFORTH, MORNINGTON, BARNET, and, above all, that prince of melody, BISHOP. What nation can exhibit a roll of national song-writers comparable to England? Where are the equals of SHIELD, ARNE, ROWELL, BRAHAM, HORNE, BLOCKLEY, LODER, and a host of others, who have made the English ballad a dis-

tinctive part of music in not only the musical world of England, but wherever true music is understood? Our reputation in these departments is not confined to Great Britain, it extends to the continent; it is acknowledged by foreign *artistes* of liberal minds, many of whom have not hesitated openly to express their wonder that our national compositions, matchless in their kind, should be put aside for similar works by foreign composers of vastly inferior merit. But this discreditable national blindness is, to a certain extent, to be accounted for by the fact that the musical education of the English youth of both sexes is mainly in the hands of professors of the German and Italian schools. Of course it is to their interest to keep up this state of things: possibly they may think that their style and system are superior to our own, and that therefore they but perform a professional duty in obliterating the taste for national composition and substituting what they conceive to be a more correct taste for the productions of foreign masters. This cultivation of a foreign taste we hold to be a grave mistake. It operates unjustly on professors of our own nation; it throws into undeserved shade the compositions of our own masters. Unfortunately, this vitiated feeling is spreading, and though we can pardon the upper ten thousand for their undisguised preference for foreign music, and their patronage of foreign professors, we do not feel quite so forgiving when we notice that even in the middle ranks of society, at home gatherings, the prejudice runs in favour of foreign music, much of which requires an accomplished foreign artist to render even tolerable to undeveloped ears. It is by no means an unfrequent occurrence at family musical *réunions* to hear some aspiring lady or gentleman crucify the sensibilities of their audience by ambitious attempts to render the compositions of a MEYERBEER or VERDI, when they might gain deserved applause and give genuine pleasure did they use selections from their own national composers. We have used the term *English* music, but of course, in its comprehensive sense, we include the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh national melodies, similar, yet distinct, which form such a worthy portion of our musical reputation.

But it must not be inferred, from what we have remarked, that we are only to be regarded as musicians in the less elevated departments of music. If we are not among the highest in the composition of operas, oratorios, sinfonias, and overtures, we claim no high honours in these directions. We have, however, a body of cathedral, church, and chapel music unrivalled in excellence: the works of TALLIS and PURCELL alone would make a nation's reputation, and these great masters have been worthily followed by BOYCE, KENT, ATTWOOD, HORSLEY, HAYES, ORLANDO GIBBONS, CHILD, ALDRICH, CORFE, and a legion of less-known composers whose works have survived, but whose names are hardly remembered. In opera we fear we must acknowledge we only hold respectable rank. English opera, though it contains many beauties, cannot be regarded as equal to the works of continental masters. The





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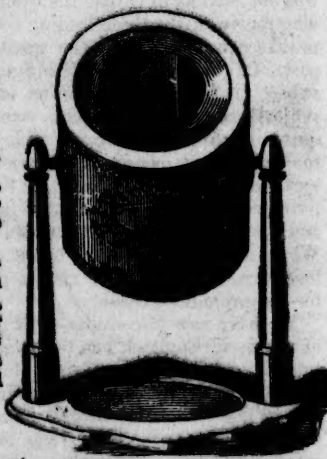
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# THE MUSICAL MONTHLY,

REPERTOIRE OF LITERATURE  
THE DRAMA AND THE ARTS  
ORGAN OF THE MUSES.

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## Editorials.

### CONDITION OF MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

In a recent number, after a conscientious examination of the question, we came to the conclusion that the condition of music on the Continent was not such as to entitle the composers of the day who represent the three leading continental schools to take equal rank with the great masters of the past. Of course, in this critical age we could hardly expect that any strong opinion on this debatable subject would pass without comment. We are quite aware that many respectable critics are likely to dissent from our view: they swear by the present position of music, and by the merits of the living composers; they have no faith in WAGNER, and they prognosticate a glorious future for VERDI. We do not write for severe judges: we write for a less learned class, and, we may be permitted to add, for less prejudiced readers.

We have now to consider what is the condition of music in England, and to solve this question—can we come to a more favourable conclusion with regard to the status of what we claim the right to designate the "English school of music"? It may here be said that in continental circles, and, indeed, even among our own musical critics, there is a tendency to pooh-pooh the claims of England to take rank as a musical school. It is, however, admitted on all sides that we have many great names in our catalogue of British musicians; that we possess a magnificent fund of national music; that we are making great progress in the higher mysteries of composition; but it is denied that we are yet entitled to place ourselves on the same elevated platform that the three leading continental schools occupy, certainly, not as respects two, the Italian and the German, should there be a doubt about the superiority of France. If a more generally-diffused taste for music—a taste equally as strong in the middle and the working classes as in the higher ranks of society, stronger and more general than in any other nation—if a larger body of original composers whose works extend over three centuries, who enjoyed and deserved a high reputation even at a time when two at least of the continental schools had little or no established reputation—if a musical repertory comprising a larger variety of original composition than any other musical nation can show, are, in their combined force, sufficient to confer on a nation the possession of a national school of music, then England is unquestionably entitled to claim that distinction. It may, however, be argued that even a generally-diffused taste for music does not prove the existence of a national school. Paradoxes of this nature have been put forward with vast assurance by more than one musical publication of pretension. Let us see how the case really stands. It is generally conceded that PURCELL was the founder of what we will call the "English" school of music. This is only correct in a limited sense, for it would give us a musical life of not more than two centuries and a half; but

our records prove that we possessed a school of music essentially *English* more than a century before PURCELL appeared. We can point to that store of charming madrigals and songs which have survived the tooth of time as irrefragable evidence that our ancestors appreciated true music as highly as the present generation, and that our oldest composers were fully instructed in all the leading principles of what constitutes the science of harmony. We do not, however, mean to assert for these old composers the possession of that profound insight into the recondite mysteries of musical science which foreign masters of a century ago exhibit in their matchless works; but we do claim for them in the three grand divisions of the science, melody, harmony, and rhythm, a thorough knowledge of the leading principles which form the foundation of the whole modern science of music. If we analyse the old madrigals and songs which have come down to us, we shall discover that, with all our vaunted progress, we have done nothing more in this direction than to effect doubtful improvements on the models we have taken and adopted. Have we anything from modern English composers to surpass the charming productions of WILBYE, PAXTON, BYRD, LOCKE, PURCELL, and other true musicians of the same era? But we are somewhat forestalling our task of determining the relative position of England in the community of musical nations, and vindicating her right to claim the honour of a "musical school." Now, by the term musical school we do not mean that the highest genius must be displayed in peculiar and special branches of the science. We do not limit the term musical school to what we may without very marked violation of verbal propriety call the epic department—oratorios, operas, sinfonias, and religious music. We hold, that, though a nation may only take second rank in several of these branches of the science, yet that a nation may acquire the right to be ranked among the musical schools of the world, by virtue of excellence in what, for want of a more appropriate phrase, we will designate the lyrical or lighter musical departments. In the term "lyrical," we specially include such compositions as glees, madrigals, duets, songs—sentimental, pathetic, humorous, and convivial—in short, all those compositions which are requisite to form domestic music of a truly national character, but which are regarded by the high scientific school with dislike and disdain. Now in every one of these departments, we fearlessly assert that England stands without a superior, if, indeed, she has a rival. What nation can parallel the phalanx of musical talent this country has produced within the last century? Take a few names which have become almost household words among us. WEBBE, CALLCOTT, STEEVENS, HORSLEY, STEVENSON, SPOFFORTH, MORNINGTON, BARNET, and, above all, that prince of melody, BISHOP. What nation can exhibit a roll of national song-writers comparable to England? Where are the equals of SHIELD, ARNE, RODWELL, BRAHAM, HORNE, BLOCKLEY, LODGE, and a host of others, who have made the English ballad a dis-

tinctive part of music in not only the musical world of England, but wherever true music is understood? Our reputation in these departments is not confined to Great Britain, it extends to the continent; it is acknowledged by foreign artists of liberal minds, many of whom have not hesitated openly to express their wonder that our national compositions, matchless in their kind, should be put aside for similar works by foreign composers of vastly inferior merit. But this discreditable national blindness is, to a certain extent, to be accounted for by the fact that the musical education of the English youth of both sexes is mainly in the hands of professors of the German and Italian schools. Of course it is to their interest to keep up this state of things: possibly they may think that their style and system are superior to our own, and that therefore they but perform a professional duty in obliterating the taste for national composition and substituting what they conceive to be a more correct taste for the productions of foreign masters. This cultivation of a foreign taste we hold to be a grave mistake. It operates unjustly on professors of our own nation; it throws into undeserved shade the compositions of our own masters. Unfortunately, this vitiated feeling is spreading, and though we can pardon the upper ten thousand for their undisguised preference for foreign music, and their patronage of foreign professors, we do not feel quite so forgiving when we notice that even in the middle ranks of society, at home gatherings, the prejudice runs in favour of foreign music, much of which requires an accomplished foreign artist to render even tolerable to undebauched ears. It is by no means an unfrequent occurrence at family musical *réunions* to hear some aspiring lady or gentleman crucify the sensibilities of their audience by ambitious attempts to render the compositions of a MEYERBEER or VERDI, when they might gain deserved applause and give genuine pleasure did they use selections from their own national composers. We have used the term *English* music, but of course, in its comprehensive sense, we include the Scottish, Irish, and Welsh national melodies, similar, yet distinct, which form such a worthy portion of our musical reputation.

But it must not be inferred, from what we have remarked, that we are only to be regarded as musicians in the less elevated departments of music. If we are not among the highest in the composition of operas, oratorios, sinfonias, and overtures, we claim no high honours in these directions. We have, however, a body of cathedral, church, and chapel music unrivalled in excellence: the works of TALLIS and PURCELL alone would make a nation's reputation, and these great masters have been worthily followed by BOYCE, KENT, ATTWOOD, HORSLEY, HAYES, ORLANDO GIBBONS, CHILD, ALDRICH, CORFE, and a legion of less-known composers whose works have survived, but whose names are hardly remembered. In opera we fear we must acknowledge we only hold respectable rank. English opera, though it contains many beauties, cannot be regarded as equal to the works of continental masters. The





*Beggars' Opera, The Cabinet, The Waterman*, and other specially English works of the past age, are, with the exception of a few popular airs which will always be held in esteem, gone out of regard. The opera composers of the present day—BALFE, WALLACE, MACFARREN, MELLON—full of genius as their works are, can hardly be ranked with the highest class of foreign composers. BALFE, perhaps, has shown the most genius, but then his Italian training seems to have taken so deep a root, that he cannot conform himself to our national standard. BARNES and BISHOP are great in their way, but in opera not equal to the highest foreign masters. As our limits oblige us to be brief, we must close this notice by asserting for ourselves the possession of an "English school of music," in some respects superior, in other respects inferior, to all other schools.

In the lighter descriptions of music, such as pianoforte and dance music, we are left in the rear by German and French professors. In fact, the supply of foreign music to the English market has become a regular species of import. Unquestionably, the great changes introduced into pianoforte-playing by such masters as THALBERG and LISZT have done much to create a demand for compositions suitable to the new condition of things, and to educate the English taste to the adoption of a foreign style and phrasing, of brilliance and mechanical execution, which have superseded for the moment the expressive and the national. We do not make these remarks in any invidious sense. We are glad to see encouragement given to talent, be it of home or foreign production. We only protest against the extension of fashionable predilections, which, while they unduly exalt foreign mediocrity, as unduly depreciate native excellence.

We have conceded that our composers do not hold the highest rank in opera and oratorio. The old foreign masters, though it may be difficult if not impossible to surpass them, may be reached. And we are quite of opinion that it is within the compass of English genius to accomplish that which others have already accomplished, and that they are able not only to vindicate the claims of England to the possession of an independent school of music, but to prove she has masters worthy to be teachers and exemplars to other nations.

#### TAYLORISM.

MR. TOM TAYLOR has won a reputation. As a dramatist? as a playwright? as an adapter? or as a stage-board hack? There's the rub. Clearly he is not a dramatist: he cannot with literal accuracy be termed a playwright: he is not altogether an adapter: but to our mind he approaches more nearly to the stage-board hack. Nevertheless he has established a right to an "ism," and we have a tangible notion when we speak of Taylorism. How far, however, is he removed in individuality from the BYRON, BURNAND, PHILLIPS class of men? D'ISRAELI the Elder, in his *Amenities of Literature*, records that a work was written some four hundred years ago by ALEXANDER BARCLAY, which was called *The Ship of Fools*, and he observes that "it is at once an original and a translation." If we were to take our stand upon the dignity of the British stage and the drama as received from our Elizabethan ancestors, we should be inclined to define Taylorism as embraced in the office of helmsman to the good ship whose stern-board carries in white paint the words "The Ship of Fools—at once an original and a translation;" or, to use another allegory, we might recognise Mr. TOM TAYLOR in COLERIDGE'S mariner, with a dead albatross, representing the legitimate drama, hung round his neck, floating about in strange seas, the dead dramatists lying upon the deck around him, gazing at him with upturned and reproving countenances.

But we will drop allegory and take Mr. TAYLOR in his most recent character—a decided failure, but a curiosity. In his explanatory preface, the author calls his play *Sense and Sensation*, an experiment to restore to the stage something like the old "morality of the Tudor age." We can easily conceive that Mr. TAYLOR is quite sincere in his crusade against sensation. Sensation, as he remarks, on the stock exchange "satirizing sensation in money-making," and in another place "hitting at sensation in its application to the healing art—such as hydrophobia, homœopathy, the rival alcoholic and low diet

systems, animal magnetism, and spirit-rapping." Such a preface led us to cut open the leaves of *Sense and Sensation* with some anticipation, albeit we were aware that the piece had been damned on the boards; but the very first line gave us an idea that our task would be a heavy one, and so we sincerely regret to say it has proved. Mr. TAYLOR made a blunder in leaving this scheme to so late an hour; the light satire requisite for extinguishing the present insane love of sensation, should come from a more flexible, if not from a younger pen; it should be fresh, buoyant, and sparkling, whereas our author has been clumsy in his execution, using an elaborate machinery of which the subject itself is scarcely worthy.

We enter a cottage ornée in the island of Thule, and find 'Sense' sitting in his arm-chair, not smoking a cigar, as one might have expected, but reading a book, and he utters this curious and scarcely intelligible preliminary remark—

"How'er the world change for its sov'reign brook,  
'Tis clear that abdication suits my book."

All the virtues then make their appearance one by one, and talk a considerable amount of twaddle with 'King Sense,' whom they ultimately walk off the stage. The next scene gives us 'Sensation,' sitting "on a throne of fire," devils bring telegrams, and 'Sensation's' seven sons quarrel fiercely. Then follows sensation in school where all the virtues are opposed to all the vices—sensation in the city, the four characters being 'Avarice,' 'Sensation,' 'Sense,' and 'Prudence,' and lastly we are carried in among the doctors, and we ask our readers to study attentively this finale—

"(Music—SENSE, in royal robes, rises from trap. He knocks down SENSATION with his sceptre, and the vices, one after another.)

"SENSE— There is, and there's another,  
And there, and there! lie each vice by his brother."

This, be it observed, is the conclusion of—shall we say?—a play, characterized by its author as an "experiment to restore to the stage something like the old 'morality' of the Tudor age!"

Interested somewhat to discover what had been our author's intellectual occupations and literary efforts during recent years, curious to discover by what steps any man could have arrived at this delightful consummation, we turned up at the British Museum Mr. Lacy's acting edition of plays, and a more remarkable collection than that which we found tacked on to the name of TOM TAYLOR we do not think could be attributed to any writer for the stage of any respectable pretensions. The most creditable production in the shape of a play in which the author of *Sense and Sensation* has had a share is a piece called *Masks and Faces*, in which he was junior counsel to Mr. CHARLES READE—an important fact in the history of the piece. In addition to this, we reckon up somewhere about thirty other works of various calibre and various merit, and a diligent examination of these efforts of our author determined us upon admitting the existence of Taylorism—an "ism" which may be noted by the posterity of a century as contemporaneous with Dundrearyism, Flunkeyism *par excellence*, and the sensation which has given rise to this marvellous work of art now under notice.

We must beg to be excused the task of transferring to our columns more extensive evidence of Taylorism. What Mr. LACY and the care of our National Reading Room enabled us to peruse, we will not inflict upon our readers. But an "ism" indicates a school: a school indicates the direction of taste; and upon taste depends the artistic reputation of the nation. We perceive that one work of Mr. TAYLOR'S, *To Oblige Benson*, has been placed in a German collection, styled *The British Comic Stage*, and we may take it for granted that upon this work many modern Germans will judge and record their opinions of modern English drama, which recorded opinions will go down to a sausage-eating and beer-drinking, but very critical and sagacious posterity. *To Oblige Benson* is, however, a piece of which its author need not be altogether ashamed, and it is as good in its way as many a contemporaneous work of fiction which has become "standard," and has been carried off to the Continent and America as a representative type. But it is evident that we are at the mercy of speculating booksellers abroad, and founders of schools and those who establish "isms" ought to think several

times before they perpetrate. We have a strong notion that *Sense and Sensation* will puzzle our foreign critics: we should not be surprised if they treated it as M. MOQUARD treated the letter in *The Owl*, believing it to be serious drama instead of a most unwieldy piece of satiric writing.

We have refrained from specifying with any detailed particularity what Taylorism really is. It is known to most of our town readers: if our country readers are at all ignorant on the subject, such ignorance will be bliss where 'twould be folly to be wise; and the duty of all journalists who love the true drama which we have inherited from an ancient and respectable ancestry remains to us in connection with this piece of intensified, but blundering Taylorism. The author himself, in his preface, confesses that the work was born under an inauspicious luminary, and an apologetic preface may as a general rule be accepted as a condemnation of the work. We know indeed, in these days, that half the writing needs such prefaces; but then half the writing is done by unknown men and women—men and women who neither influence taste nor direct opinion. It is vastly different with authors like Mr. TAYLOR, who have reputations and found schools, though the scholars be few. What a pity that he did not think of the exclamation which he puts into the mouth of 'Sloth':—

"Stuff! The true systems leave alone! To cure yo  
Nothing like *vis reparatoris natura*!"

Mr. TAYLOR has done some clever things, we are glad to admit: that *Sense and Sensation* is one of them we cannot allow. The subject is not one for rapid execution, neither is the piece suitable to a modern stage whereon is played *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*. We far from wish that Mr. TAYLOR should write no more. All we would ask him to do, is to refrain from experiments gigantic in conception, but which become frivolous when dealt with in an incomplete and scarcely appreciative spirit. If Mr. TAYLOR could always be true to his own instincts, Taylorism would not be by any means the most objectionable member of its species.

#### Contributed Essays.

##### MINSTRELS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WHEN Sir Walter Scott was entering upon that literary career in which he afterwards so distinguished and immortalized himself, one of his first labours—a labour of love too—was to rescue the scattered remains of the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, just as these relics of bardic poetry were, we might say, on the eve of being obliterated by the advancing tide of oblivion: they were depending in a very hazardous manner for the continuance of their existence, merely lingering in the memories of the Scottish peasantry.

It is told of Pisistratus, the great Athenian statesman and the wise lawgiver of ancient Athens—Edinburgh, we know, being considered the modern—that one of the greatest acts of his life was to gather from their perilous treasure-house, the memories of the Rhapsodists, the wondrous songs of the old wandering bard Homer. Scott was the British Pisistratus. Britain had no great statesman or wise modern law-giver to preserve the ancient songs and ballad poetry of her country until the congenial mind of Scott, whose love for these "Reliques" had been awakened in childhood by the collection of Bishop Percy, came forward to the rescue.

At the time Scott published his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* the poetry of England was in a weakly condition; it was fast becoming sick; it languished and was feeble. Colour may sometimes be seen in the cheek of the dying man: it is the hectic flush of fever. That red, unhealthy spot was to be seen in the unreal, inflated productions of the sick muse that became the fashion of the day. It is true that, occasionally, a bright star appeared, and momentary bursts of vigour might be observed; but these were similar to the brief intervals of strength before death, and which some, who realized the enfeebled condition of true poetry, would liken to the terrible phenomenon of one already dead, who for one instant is restored to the power of stretching out his arm, opening his eyes with a most ghastly gaze, but to fall back upon his couch even in a more fearful form of death than before.

In the resuscitation of these ballads Scott was the skilled physician. It had at once a reinvigorating influence, and infused a healthy tone immediately into modern poetry. It had its influence even on



Scott himself, not only breathing the ancient spirit into his productions, but to his having thus occupied himself we are also indebted for his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*—a poem which he intended to include in his *Minstrelsy*, but that, unconsciously to him, it increased too much to be included in that collection.

With the consideration of the minstrels and minstrelsy of Britain, there are two or three important and interesting subjects intimately concerned. If we were, for the purpose of showing this connection, to make a pedigree, it would be thus:—



That is, ballads related the chivalrous deeds of the time or of preceding times, and so formed a history, and were, in fact, the first newspaper and the authorities from which the subsequent histories were compiled. From them the gossips of the village first learnt the details of a murder, battle, or skirmish, and the paterfamilias gained from the ballad of the minstrel the minutiae of those occurrences as he now cons the paragraphs in the *Times* in search for such particulars. These were the original lays of the minstrels; but after a time they began to borrow from the Oriental legends, and to add to the attractions of their narrations the weird superstitions of the North; giants, ogres, dwarfs, magicians, fairies, enchanted castles, misshapen monsters, knights, and fair ladies are introduced. At a time, too, when the lords even were unable to read, and when the few books that did exist were not easily obtainable, we can fully understand why the minstrel was warmly welcomed and handsomely paid. The minstrel, wandering where he might, was always well received, and consequently to personate the brotherhood of Homer was not an unusual stratagem in those days to secure that reception. We are told of two mendicant friars that adopted this subterfuge, and by it obtained shelter in a convent, until, the deception being discovered, the pair were ignominiously kicked out. The church not unfrequently emulated in some degree the occupation of the minstrel; even sometimes the minstrel's ballad, his romance of love, was composed by an English Abbot at the refectory fire. In later times, the reign of Henry VI., it appears again that the minstrel gets off better than the monk. At the annual feast of the fraternity of the Holy Cross at Abingdon, in Berkshire, twelve priests got four-pence a piece for singing a dirge, while two-and-sixpence fell to the lot of the minstrels as well as diet and horsemeat. Shortly after this, at Maxtoke, near Coventry, the priests got two shillings and the minstrels four.

Even in much earlier times the respect and good treatment experienced by the minstrels, or gleemen, as they were then called, is really striking. The story is well-known of King Alfred going into the camp of the enemy in the disguise of that profession, *figens se jocularorem, assumpta cithara, &c.* His speech must have at once betrayed that he was a Saxon but courtesy was always manifested to the gleeman. He entered the tents and made his observations, followed by his servant carrying his harp; an attendant on minstrels was usual, or that would have discovered his rank. Some time afterwards the same stratagem was employed in the camp of the Saxons. Dangerous, one would think, to practise a trick upon the authors of it, but somehow the *soi-disant* minstrel escaped, until he was observed by a soldier burying the money he had received for his song: this was from some idea of honour, or perhaps superstition, and occasioned his discovery.

The minstrel always found favour with the soldiers, who listened with delight and rapture to the relation of the deeds of Roland or Charlemagne, or to stories taken even from the more ancient heroes of Greece and Rome. Such songs the minstrel would sing in the camp, at one moment inspiring the soldier for the battle, and at the next the tear of sensibility, to use Sterne's expression, would roll down the cheek of the warrior, as the romantic song reminded him of his absent love. The power of the harp in this respect is marvellous, and the dominion that the Theban harp is said to have possessed over the feelings of the auditors has occasioned dispute among musicians as to the authenticity of its history. We might mention here that in Gunn's *History of the Harp in Scotland* we are told of O'Kane, the celebrated Irish harper, that the author heard it frequently related, that "O'Kane very commonly drew tears from his auditors." This, coming from a Scotchman, is reliable testimony, and especially when it is to be supposed his object is to elevate his own subject of the harp in Scotland. What Irishmen say of their fellow-countrymen, on

the other side, must always be accepted *cum grano*, good-nature and the milk of human kindness existing in rather overflowing quantities among them.

The power of the harp in "raising the waters" when told in commendation of that instrument is sometimes rather ludicrous than otherwise, and seldom fails to remind us of the effect of Mawworm's "extrumperty" preaching to his bachelor lodgers, as he tells himself, "sometimes I gets them together, with one or two of the neighbours, and I makes them all cry."

It has long been a favourite theme for debate as to what constitutes a gentleman. Those who have engaged in this controversy, and experienced the difficulties of the subject, will be surprised to learn that it has been decided long ago. By the laws of old Cambria, the possession and knowledge of the harp was all that was necessary to be a gentleman. The laws also were very imperative about preventing slaves learning the use of that instrument. A harp, too, could not be seized for debt, as the possessor would thereby be degraded from his rank, for, though a man was in debt, he was a gentleman for all that.

The custom of handing round the harp for each of the company to give his song appears also to have existed in Wales, and it is one that is to be found amongst the early Saxons. The story of Cædmon's inspiration, which depends on this circumstance, is somewhat romantic. The harp was being handed round, when Cædmon, who was originally a cowherd, and who could not play upon it, slunk in shame out of the hall where all the party were drinking and merry-making, and went and lay down to sleep in the stable. There he dreamt that a stranger came to him and said "Cædmon, sing me something." "I know nothing," said the poor herd, "and so I had to slink away out of the hall." "Nay," said the stranger, "but thou hast something to sing." "What must I sing?" Cædmon asked. "Sing the Creation," replied the stranger. At that moment music began to flow from him, and next morning, when he awoke, he remembered the song he had sung. His poems are among those Anglo-Saxon of the alliterative character that have come down to us.

Though we have shown that the minstrel of "merrie England in the olden time" was richly clothed and fared sumptuously, yet it can be understood that there were some who treated them better than was ordinary, and who became noted as patrons of minstrels. Here, even, in these remote, unsophisticated ages, little scraps of rascality peep out now and again, and somewhat of knowingsness may occasionally be discovered lurking behind the garments of the clergy. William, bishop of Ely, chancellor to Richard I., was noted as the minstrel's Mæcenas; he invited them over from the Continent, and loaded them with rewards, and they, in return, celebrated him as the most accomplished person in the world. What would Moses, or Warren, or the gentleman who goes about the world crying out "Ho for a Shakspeare!" give for such a chance, such an advertisement? Some persons have thought that the idea of retaining a minstrel to chant the praises of coats and trowsers, or to announce the merits of blacking, was entirely one of these degenerate days, and doubtless they are astonished to find that this knowledge and shrewdness had penetrated the hood of that patron, who, as we have seen, patronized to such good purpose.

The age of minstrels, however, was not destined to last to our days, and the latest minstrel now no longer "tunes to please even a peasant's ear, the harp that a king had loved once to hear." By a statute of Queen Elizabeth, including minstrels in the strange tag-rag and bob-tail category of "bear-wards, fencers, common players of interludes, tinkers and pedlars," along with rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, they were adjudged to be punished as such.

This was the death-stroke to the genuine ancient minstrelsy, and now, when we turn to our dictionaries to find what we are to understand by the term minstrel, we no longer learn of the poets and the relators of romances, the descendants of old Homer, that tuned up their harps, and told a right merry tale in the oaken halls of Albion's lords.

#### THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

EVERY one knows that Lord Bacon is the author of a work on natural history called *Sylva Sylvarum*. His hobby was experiment; he looked upon it as the great means of discovery in natural science; and such it undoubtedly is. But we cannot help regretting that this voluminous treatise does little more than chronicle his numerous "experiments in consort": he does not give us the results of his induction; and the consequence is, that, in a philosophical point of view, the *Sylva Sylvarum* is valueless.

The book is, however, a curious one, and repays perusal. It is most interesting to observe the pertinacity with which the writer rejects anything which looks like a mere theory. Unfortunately when he refuses to adopt the conjectures of the ancients, he does not suggest an alternative: and this, though dictated by honesty and a real desire for knowledge, is certainly a failure of no small importance.

For the above reason, the *Sylva Sylvarum* has not that pleasing poetical complexion which adds so much to the charm of the works of Plato. Nothing is admitted but plain matter of fact; and though Bacon might have been pardoned for falling in with many of the prevailing fancies, he preferred a confession of ignorance to a pretence of omniscience. Considering the limited powers of observation, however, which he must have possessed in reference to the subject of the present paper, was it not rather too hard of the great philosopher to dispose in a single sentence of so beautiful a poetic fiction as that embodied in the phrase, "the music of the spheres"? And yet, as will be seen, he does it, though apparently with a certain degree of compunction.

"The heavens," says Lord Bacon, "turn about in a most rapid motion, without noise to us perceived; though in some dreams they have been said to make an excellent music." Much older than Lord Bacon is the popular notion to which he thus alludes. Strange to say, in a treatise intended to be scientific, Plato entertains the idea that there is in fact a certain universal and perpetual harmony produced by the motion not only of the heavenly bodies, but of all created things, and it is to Plato that we owe the term "diapason," as significant of the concord produced by sounding a note with its octave. Of course the author of the *Sylva Sylvarum* was too grave a philosopher to dilate at any length upon such a topic as the possible existence of this harmony; and Lucretius, spurning the thought that this world was created for the pleasure of a God, could equally, of course, see no beauty in the idea that, to use the words of Milton:—

"In their motions harmony itself  
So smooths her charming tones that God's own ear  
Listens delighted."

That Lord Bacon, however, could not entirely get rid of the conviction that there was something mysterious and beautiful about this same idea, is plain from several remarks which he makes upon the subject. "The diapason, or eighth in music," he observes, "is the sweetest concord, inasmuch as it is in effect an unison . . . And every eighth note in ascent, as from eight to fifteen, from fifteen to twenty-two, and so on in *infinitum*, are but scales of diapason. The cause is dark, and hath not been rendered by any; and therefore would be better contemplated." And soon after, in a hesitating manner, he cautions his readers against fancying "that there is anything in this number eight to create the diapason." He cannot be blamed for this caution; for it would surely appear somewhat undignified for the writer of a great philosophical work to assert that the sound of two notes in unison is the echo of the Music of the Spheres. Yet, as we have said, Plato is not ashamed to say so: but Plato was more of a poet than Francis Bacon. However out of place in the writings of sages, the idea suggested by Plato is singularly susceptible of poetical treatment. Ben Jonson, in the "Sad Shepherd," thus indulges in the thought:—

"And now her sweet soul hovers  
Here in the air above us, and doth haste  
To get up to the moon and Mercury;  
And whisper Venus in her orb; then spring  
Up to old Saturn, and come down by Mars,  
Consulting Jupiter, and seat herself  
Just in the midst with Phœbus, tempering all  
The jarring spheres, and giving to the world  
Again his first and tuneful planeting."

The same poet, in one of his Epithalamions, speaks of Spring in the following terms:—

"It is the kindly season of the time,  
The month of growth which calls all creatures forth,  
To do their offices in nature's chime."

Milton, who rarely compares the beautiful in sounds with anything but the song of angels in heaven, fully appreciated Plato's idea. He has certainly clothed it in more beautiful language than Jonson; but has nevertheless condescended to borrow one expression verbatim from his predecessor. In no passage more than in that which we are about to quote is the charm of Milton's devotional sentiment apparent. It exactly supplies what is wanting in the picture of Mercury, Saturn, and Jupiter, conspiring to give to the world his first and tuneful planeting. It gives that finish which is requisite to an otherwise imperfect conception: The ode written by him "At a Solemn Music" is,



in fact, rather a hymn than what is popularly called an ode; and, like his "Ode on the Nativity," and "Lycidas," is a remarkable instance of his peculiar power—his power of blending Christian feeling and classic imagery.

After a splendid description of the harmony of heaven, always a favorite theme with him, he thus proceeds:—

"That we on earth, with undiscordant voice,  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin  
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd  
In perfect diapason, while they stood  
In first obedience, and their state of good."

#### POPULAR SONGS AND SONG-WRITERS.

Dr. Johnson once declared that blank verse had no melody in it, and that it was only verse to the eye. Unless there was a perceptible jingle of rhyme in the versification submitted to his judgment, this critic, who was physically, intellectually, and morally incapable of appreciating the subtle beauty of poetic inspiration in general, and of song-writing in particular, utterly ignored any poetic value. Of a dearth of that jingling rhyme which Dr. Johnson considered so indispensable to poetic writing in his day, the author of the *Lives of British Poets* would have no reason to complain in these times of prolific songsters, when one of the most voluminous of living writers, who can boast more rhymes set to music than any poet from Chaucer to Tennyson, advertises five hundred songs for a shilling, and another modestly declares in a preface to one of his volumes that he has written nearly four hundred songs. Yet, amidst this profuse supply of metrical words, it is a fact singularly significant, which cannot fail to impress itself upon the mind of the student who judiciously considers the results, tendencies, and influences of the poetic contributions to our literature, that during the last twenty years fewer songs—songs in the strict sense of the word have been written, than during any similar period in the history of English literature. It is no unusual matter to hear composers of music deplore that they cannot find songs which are worthy musical expression; and perhaps, more than from any other cause, to the lack of suitable words capable of inspiring melody of a high order, may be attributed the artificial and ephemeral character of our popular music.

We have only to glance over the so called "song" books, of which large numbers are annually if not daily issued, to prove that we direct attention to no imaginary evil or abuse. It is ludicrously absurd to turn from contemplating the spirit which animated the hearts of such song-writers as Burns and Beranger, Campbell and Herrick, and to glance into these books, adorned with ill-executed woodcuts, which are the delight and recreation of the lower and even the middle portions both of metropolitan and provincial society, and whose contents inspire the vigorous lungs of multitudes of street boys. We look, and look in vain, for a redeeming feature in the mass of these effusions. For the quaint fancies and delicate music of the songs of our Elizabethan dramatists, we find such sickly sentimental rubbish, that we will spare our readers, so far as possible, any allusion to the columns of senseless trash which is cut into lengths to suit the popular notion of poetry; for the more we peruse, the more we are heartily disgusted, and the more are we constrained to deplore the prostitution of an instrument, once powerful for good, which is now permitted to drop into such feeble, such impotent, and such unworthy hands.

We have specially referred to that species of song-writing which finds favour with the people, by which we mean the dependent classes; but we might very possibly go higher and fare but little better. The fashionable melodies arranged for drawing-room performances are of a type singularly insignificant. Be the subject love or loyalty, poetasters seem to outvie each other in maudlin sentiment; and if we had no more serious object in view, we might multiply quotations, affording abundant materials for the excitement of contempt and ridicule of the song-writers of the present day—indeed, it would be difficult to find weaker specimens of writing than the light, flimsy trash which a pretty melody too frequently commends to the ear, and for a brief season makes popular. It may almost be questioned whether the sickly sentimental songs of our modern minstrels, whose highest aspirations are expressed in wishes to become "daisies" or "butterflies" or "birds," have a less pernicious tendency than the coarse and brutal bacchanalian rhapsodies which were in olden time sung at the table, when, as a popular writer tells us, "woman's charms (her virtues were scarcely mentioned) were either portrayed in the

silky masquerade of the writers of pastorals, or in the more natural, but less respectful lyrical effusions of the wits and men about town. Of the few modern songs for music which we can call to mind which are not positively objectionable to the right-minded, or utterly unfit to be placed in the hands of the young, there is a strange lack of that earnestness and directness of purpose which give the all-pervading characteristics of a true song. Admitting the truth of the assertion that there is no English writer of any worth whose songs form the distinguishing feature of his poetry, the remembrance of many of the lyrical gems which find appropriate settings in the dramas to which they belong, and calling to mind some of the love-songs of Herrick, Surrey, Wyatt, Raleigh, and Ben Jonson, and in later times the splendid battle-songs of Campbell, and sea-songs of Dibdin, we are rather inclined to attribute the poverty of our present contributions to this important department of our literature to a misconception which exists as to the intrinsic value of song itself. The poet who determines to produce a poem of considerable length does not sit down to write without a consciousness of responsibility, having arranged plot and incident with deliberation; and in order to do justice to his powers of thought, he chooses the happiest time and situation to gather around him the most appropriate materials calculated to foster inspiration and strengthen imagination. On the other hand, many a writer who sits down to write a song—alas! too frequently to the order of a composer of music or his publisher—considers the matter of too little importance, regarding a song only as a trifle which may be undertaken and executed without care or consideration. Whether the writer has little or nothing to say, the verses are produced, and not unfrequently accomplish sufficient to satisfy indiscriminating buyers; but it is not in this way songs can be written—songs that exercise power over the heart, the feelings, the actions of mankind. If true to his mission, the song-writer, who is justified in claiming for himself such a distinguished title, will disdain to write for mere writing's sake. When he speaks, it is from the fulness of the heart; his expression is the music of feeling, the melody of passion; and this, the secret power of eloquence must not be mistaken if he desire his song shall become popular enough to model the life, to sway the passions, or to stir to patriotism the spirit of the multitude. If we were desired to produce specimens exemplifying, above all others, the difference between poetry and verse, we should unhesitatingly contrast such true songs with the modern imitations which, perhaps for the sake of the music to which they are set, are tolerated in our drawing-rooms and concert-halls—verses which, with a little practice, any half-educated schoolboy, with the aid of a rhyming dictionary, could write—verses which, without expressing the shadow of an original thought, are made up of lines rhymed with tedious monotony. At other times, a good thought forms the basis of a song; but, as if the idea was unable to support itself, it is surrounded by an accumulation of words betraying in their verbiage the utter incapacity of the writer to hold or to occupy the position to which he aspires. Having just shown some of the reasons which appear to militate against any valuable addition to this greatly-neglected department of literature, and having endeavoured to show what a song is, and what it is not, we cannot, for the guidance of those who desire a further definition, better conclude our observations than by quoting the words of a deservedly popular lyricist:—"A song should be like an epigram, complete and entire—a perfect chrysolite, brilliant on every side. It should give voice to one pervading idea, which should be illustrated naturally and elegantly. It should contain no word that could be omitted without injury to the music or the meaning, and should avoid the jar of inharmonious consonants, which in the English language are so difficult to sing. Every stanza should be the very twin and counterpart of the other, as regards the rhythm; and the whole composition, whether sprightly, tender, patriotic, convivial, or melancholy, should be short and terse, and end with the natural climax of the sentiment."

#### THE MONTH.

THE month of July was named after one of the greatest of Roman Emperors, who, amongst many other celebrated and useful deeds, took upon himself to reform the calendar. July originally contained 36 days, and was reduced by Romulus to 31, by Numa to 30, but was restored to 31 days by Julius Caesar, in honour of whom it was named July, on account of his having been born on the twelfth of this month. July, being thus intimately associated with the great Roman, it would not be out of place to remind our readers of a few of the leading features of his life. He was one of the grandest heroes

the world has ever seen. What Napoleon was to France, and Wellington to England, Julius Caesar was to ancient Rome—and he was something more. Not alone on the battle-field did he reap renown, though as a general few have ever excelled him. He was the historian of his times, the patron of learning, the reformer of laws, and the promoter of social improvement. It was he who, amidst weighty and manifold engagements, found time to drain the Pontine Marshes, to enlarge the harbour of Istria, to dig a canal through the isthmus of Corinth, and to establish libraries. He was in reality a king of men, born to rule and make himself "an everlasting name." In oratory, in mathematics, in architecture, he was equally famous; and although most of the works he wrote are now lost to the world, enough is left in his *Commentaries on the Gallic and Civil Wars* to render his name imperishable. It is said the present Emperor of the French has been engaged during the past few years in writing a biography of Julius Caesar, and we cannot imagine a grander theme for the pen of either sovereign or subject.

With this preface on behalf of one, who, besides the little of "father of his country," deserves also that of "father of months," we proceed to give a few particulars regarding the character of July. Its name is suggestive of hot sultry days, of feverish nights, of lassitude, fatigue, and shall we say laziness? If the whole year were like July, England would never have risen to its present pitch of greatness. Her sons would have resembled the enervated inhabitants of southern Italy, or the indolent natives of Spain. In sighing, as we sometimes do, for cloudless skies and warmer climes, we are too apt to forget that our own climate, though severe, possesses counterbalancing advantages. "July," says an interesting writer on Natural History, "is the hottest month of the year. The direct influence of the sun is continually diminishing after the summer solstice; but the earth and air have been so thoroughly heated, that the warmth which they retain more than compensates, for a time, the diminution of solar rays. The effect of this weather upon the face of nature soon becomes manifest: the flowers of the former month diminish in beauty, shrivel, and fall; at the same time, their leaves and stalks lose their verdure, and the whole plant hastens to decay. Sometimes the animal creation seem oppressed with languor during this hot season, and early seek the recesses of woods, or resort to pools and streams to cool their bodies and quench their thirst."

The earth and all around seems bathed in heat, and we cannot help pitying those whose duty it is to labour in the broiling sun. The toiling hay-makers scatter, and toss, and rake, and the mowers lazily whet their scythes, as if they too were reflecting how unbearable it would be if the sun shone with such intensity all through the year, and there were no hard frosts, keen winds, or snow. It is, however, in one respect pleasant to witness these field-workers pursue their task, for on their exertions depend almost entirely the winter comfort of cattle and the well-being of the farmer.

There is a peculiar silence throughout Nature at this season of the year, which accords well with the warm and oppressive character of the weather. The sun has it all his own way, and rules everything with despotic power. The very trees are motionless, and the birds are either unable or unwilling to disturb the quietude which reigns. The thousand songsters whose music charmed us so sweetly during the two or three preceding months are spiritless and dumb. The cuckoo is gone, or, if still lingering amongst us, gives no sign of his presence. There is a poetical period with birds as well as men; and when the days of youth and love are over, they betake themselves to the solid realities of life. The blackbird and thrush, for instance, give over singing, and busy themselves in acquiring rich booties of fruit and grain, upon which they grow indolently fat. The lark loses its rapture for the sky, and seeks enjoyment in less ethereal regions, where, no doubt, the grand feeding purposes of its existence can easily be carried out. Those who possess gardens have a tangible proof of the sordid change that has come over the feathered tribe in the havoc which is committed amongst the fruit, and it is now that we begin to lose our affection for our quondam favorites, and seize the gun as the only means of defence.

The propriety, however, of ruthlessly destroying these little robbers has often been called in question, and it is said the loss we sustain by them on the one hand is more than counterbalanced by the good they do us on the other. It is believed that the scarcity so frequently suffered in France is entirely owing to the swarms of grubs and insects, which the birds would have destroyed had they been permitted to live. But our Gallic neighbours look upon the latter as vermin which nature only intended for the gun, and thus lose one of those compensating provisions designed for the good of all. We ought not, therefore, to begrudge the small quantity of fruit we lose at the hands of these troublesome little thieves, but make up our minds to sacrifice it for the sake of the advantages we derive from them in other ways. It is difficult philosophy, however, to practise, and deters, we fear, too few from the use of nets, traps and poisoned wheat.

What luxuries July provides for us in the shape of fruits, and what pleasure for the eye, as well as the taste, is presented by an almost infinite variety of sorts! Nothing can be more elegant and at the same time more refreshing than the ringlets of juicy currants suspended in thick clusters, so temptingly bright. Then there is the gooseberry, rich and ripe, which seems in danger of bursting from very plethora; and the raspberry, so prolific that



the more you pick the more there seems to grow. All these, however, are the commonality of the practical world, and must not be compared to the queenly strawberry, the highborn apricot, and lordly peach.

We ought not, after all, to find much fault with summer's hot sun, since it provides these ambrosial treats for our enjoyment. There are some eccentric thinkers who imagine man was designed by the Creator to subsist entirely on fruits. With no intention of fully endorsing this opinion, we will venture to say it would be by no means a deprivation if he were to return at once to this primeval kind of diet—that is to say, in summer time. *Apocryphal* of fruit-eating, it is said that the poet Thomson—we hope he has been maligned—was so excessively indolent that he found plucking fruit in the ordinary manner too much trouble; he therefore sauntered about the garden with his hands in his pockets and gnawed the peaches from the walls!

We spoke just now of the stillness and quietude which characterize the present month, and the scorching influence of July's hot sun. But although nature may be said to be in some measure subdued, she is by no means shorn of all her beauty. It is true most of the early summer flowers are gone, and whole colonies of familiar friends have altogether disappeared. The lingering primrose, the ephemeral lily of the vale, the blue-bell, all are gone, and, alas! many months must elapse before we can renew our acquaintance with them. But let those who fancy there is nothing left to admire, wander with us along the banks of the winding river, where we will introduce to them bevy of floral nymphs who shall fascinate them by their attractive loveliness.

The life of these river-side flowers must be an enviable one to their poor parched sisters fading on dusty hedges, and their green luxuriance offers a strong contrast to field and meadow vegetation. One of the prettiest of these aquatic plants is the white water-lily (*Nympha alba*), resting on the bosom of the stream as if thrown there by chance, and surrounded by its large oval leaf, so smooth and shining that the water runs over it as though its surface were oiled. It is not, however, a long-lived flower, and fades much sooner than its quiet, undisturbed home would lead us to suppose. Professor Hooker says that it delights in still waters, and haunts the quiet recesses of Highland lakes. It closes soon after noon, and not unfrequently dives below the surface of the water during night, springing up the next morning at the first summons of the sun. The yellow water-lily (*Nuphar lutea*) may be found, generally speaking, in close proximity to the white lily, but it is not so attractive, nor is its perfume so pleasant as the white kind. It, however, grows more profusely, and its roots are said to be nutritious, and are used in Sweden, when powdered, for purposes of bread-making. To what gigantic proportions the water-lily attains in Eastern climates, and under peculiar cultivation, we had an opportunity of seeing in the *Victoria regia*, which first claimed our admiration twelve or fourteen years ago; and the species of *Nympha* growing in the rivers of India and Egypt are so magnificent with regard to size, that the natives of those countries convert the leaves into various domestic uses, such as table-cloths, plates, and baskets.

Another of our pretty river-side flowers is the meadow-sweet, a plant of singular grace and beauty, so sensitive, moreover, that the softest breeze causes it to tremble and wave. But although its appearance is so elegant, and its perfume so exceedingly sweet, it contains in its composition a species of prussic acid, which renders its presence in a confined atmosphere deleterious to health.

Again, there is the willow-herb, or "codlins and cream," as children call it, the water-flag, the veitches, and water-plantain, all growing in rich profusion along the marshy banks, making fairy homes for the lively water-rat and moor-hens, both of which seem to claim the river exclusively as their own.

It is here, too, we may find the much-admired forget-me-not, the little blue-eyed flower so immortalized by sentimental associations. It is said that a dying youth, who had fallen into a deep and rapid stream, in attempting to cull some of these flowers for his lady-love, cast the posy to her upon the bank with the last effort of his failing strength, and faintly uttered, "Forget me not!" as he sank under the water. The Germans, who display great taste in decorating graves, place the forget-me-not upon their tombs, and it is to them what the periwinkle is to the Italians, namely, the flower of death. It is said that after the battle of Waterloo, an immense quantity of forget-me-nots sprang up upon the different parts of the soil enriched by the blood of heroes; but perhaps this was the small, though still pretty, meadow-scorpion grass, which sometimes receives that name.

July is the month when those whose circumstances will permit, usually exchange their inland homes for the more bracing atmosphere of the seaside; and pleasant indeed it is, after being pent up in a crowded city, or harassed by the cares of business, to catch a glimpse of the bright blue ocean, with its dancing waves and a thousand other delights. The naturalist, too, has here an unlimited field for discovery and study. How much beauty there is which never meets the human eye! The sea is full of it, and as the dredge brings up the lovely-coloured weed or brightly-sparkling shell, we are reminded of the poet's remark—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

There are specimens of *Actinia* or sea-anemones, the beauty of which is well-nigh lost to the world, so inaccessible are the rocks to which they attach themselves. Yet the attractiveness of these little animal-flowers is equal

to that which makes us value our garden flowers, and almost as various, with their purple, blue, orange, green, and yellow colours. Again, we see in the somewhat uninteresting-looking shell of the *Serpula* what loveliness is hidden. This little creature dwells in a cylindrical tube, and clusters of them may be found on oyster or scallop shells, or any other object which may have lain at the bottom of the sea. When the worm is at all alarmed, it retreats entirely into its tube; but when at ease, it is the loveliest of creatures, and waves its feathers of red, or yellow, or violet hue, up and down and round about as if delighted in motion. We have found it, however, a somewhat shy and troublesome tenant in the aquarium, and probably it only feels at home either when in deep sea or in a large body of water.

A thousand other objects of interest may be observed on rocks, or in the pools left behind by the receding tide; but space warns us that a notice of some of these must be left for a future opportunity.

## Musical Notes and Notices.

### MUSICAL EVENTS.

JUNE has been marked by no extraordinary musical events, but the air has been tuneless nevertheless. Concerts have been numerous, and, on the whole, characterized by decided excellence. Let us glance at the leading features of the month.

For the first time in England, Herr Flotow's opera, entitled *Stradella*, was produced at the Royal Italian Opera on the 4th. The plot is not very deep, very complicated, or very novel, but with this we have little to do; we look upon it as an opera, not as a play. Herr Flotow had gained some celebrity as the composer of *Martha*, and the musical public were prepared to hear another opera at least as good. But we cannot say that we greatly admire *Stradella* in its Italian form, nor do we believe it is destined to become popular. There are some pretty pieces in it—*vivât tout*. We may instance the serenade "Odi, O mio ben," which falls to the lot of 'Stradella,' and the solo "Per salir dal piano al monte." So, too, we like the concerted *morceaux* "Mano a mano ognora," and the soprano air "Rondinella passeggera"; while the prayer "Santa Maria" is above mediocrity. But, on the whole, we are not delighted with Herr Flotow's opera, which too frequently runs on a dead level of common-place. The soprano scene "Del gaudio mio voi prova fate," strikes us as being quite common-place, while the duet between two murderers—a duet which is supposed to be comic—succeeds only in being dull. But some of the dance music is pretty and lively, as dance music should be, and this will perhaps save the opera from condemnation. But in saying this, we speak of the music only; for elements of success have been added to the opera by manager and performers. All that manager and scene-painter can do has been done; and the singers, whether on the opening night or subsequently (the cast having been changed), exerted themselves to the utmost, and most successfully. Mdlle. Marie Battu never appeared to greater advantage, and, in fact, the style in which she sang "Rondinella passeggera" and "Dunque allegri" at once stamped her as a rising favorite. There are some extraordinary *tours de force* required in the singing of Herr Wachtel and of Signor Ronconi. We may, perhaps, take exception to a want of delicacy and finish in Herr Wachtel's vocalization; but as to the power and freedom, the freshness and impassioned energy, of his high notes especially, there can be no doubt. The audience were quite startled at his extraordinary range of power, and at the precision and force with which he enunciated his higher notes, an *encore* being unavoidable. Signor Ronconi, too, had to imitate what had been so much admired in Herr Wachtel, so that in this respect the opera is quite amusing. And admirably did Signor Ronconi perform and sing his part. One hardly knew which was best, the original or the imitation. The orchestra, under the practised baton of Mr. Costa, did all that musicians could do for the instrumental effects, and the spirited way in which they played did much towards the moderate success of the opera.

The fourth of the new Philharmonic Concerts was a very attractive one. One of the leading pieces was that well-known and ever-to-be-admired Symphony in A of Mendelssohn's, which will never tire the lovers of genuine and true music. The *Im ernsten Styl* of Spohr was listened to with wonder and pleasure. It is a marvel of composition, but it does not lay hold on the memory as more simple productions do. Herr Jael drew down reiterated plaudits for his clever playing of Beethoven's pianoforte Concerto in C minor. Mademoiselle Carlotta Patti was the leading singer, and her wonderful execution of the *finale* in the *Sonnambula* for a time held the audience almost spell-bound.

A monster concert—one of those protracted affairs which appear to be got up to prove the ever-enduring patience of an English audience—was given in the earlier part of the month by Mr. Swift, the tenor singer. The richness of Lemmans-Sherrington, Madame Weiss, the Mesdemoiselles Georgi, Madame Lancia, and Miss Poole; of Sims Reeves, Santley, Patey, Weiss, and Herr Reichardt—what more could be wanting, unless, indeed, it were an attractive programme. And there were pieces of all sorts, as befits a monster concert and a miscellaneous audience. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of it was the first public appearance of Miss Emily Soldeva, or at all events in so prominent a way and amongst such notabilities. Miss Soldeva has a voice of so extraordinary a compass and of such equal power that she wants but more practice—more of that hard work which great singers have all gone through—to make a name and fame. She is young, and this is but a work of resolution and opportunity; and we fully expect to find that the young cantatrice will in time take a prominent place.

Madame Sainton-Dolby and Mr. Sainton had a morning concert at St. James's Hall which was a musical treat, the performers being of the best, and the pieces well chosen. Both *bénéficiaires* took a prominent part in the concert. Mr. Sainton played two very different pieces, demanding varied powers over an instrument which in unpractised hands is the most unmanageable of all. The first was a sonata by Leclair, composed a century and a quarter ago; the second some variations by M. Sainton himself on themes from *Faust*. In both, the performer displayed his fine classic taste, precise touch, and delicious tone. The accomplished wife of the accomplished violinist sang several ballads, and a melody by the author of *Faust*, the latter being one of the most charming things we have ever heard Madame Sainton-Dolby sing. When we say that Madame Arabella Goddard played Liszt's fantasia on themes from *Rigoletto*; that Madame Lemmans-Sherrington, Mdlle. Evequist, Miss Moss, Madame Parepa, Mdlle. Flovella, and Messrs. Graziani, Neri-Baraldi, Wilbye Cooper, Paque, and the Orpheus Glee Union, assisted, and that Mr. Benedict conducted, we need say no more.

Signor Fortuna's, too, was a good concert, at Messrs. Collard's rooms. Madame Tivoli, Mdlle. Fortuna, and Messrs. Solieri, Bianchi, Favelli, Frizzi, Carlo Ducei, and Aptommas were the principal performers. The first of these names possesses interest independently of the musical and dramatic talent with which it is connected, and some of our readers may remember the lady at Her Majesty's Theatre when under the rule of Mr. Lumley. We regret that the lady's return to the profession should be caused by so painful a bereavement as the death of her husband.

Madame Pazzi's concert presented no specially noticeable features, unless, indeed, we may refer to the *Elly Mavourneen* in Italian, sung by Signor Giuglini; "Ah quello fu per me" by Signor Delli Sedie; and the Swedish national air, sung by Mdlle. Evequist. The entire concert was a very good one, but, like many good things, there was rather too much of it.

A fashionable morning concert was that given by Madame Oury, the celebrated pianist. The *bénéficiaire* played three brilliant fantasias of her own composition, and, with Mr. Harper, a sonata of Beethoven for piano and horn; while she also appeared as a vocal composer, being highly applauded in the "Reproach," which was sung by Herr Reichardt. The old favorite "Non più mesta" was beautifully rendered by Mdlle. Georgi, and altogether the concert was worthy of its giver.

We can but briefly refer to Mr. Cusins' concert at St. James's Hall, specially remarkable for its orchestral character; Mr. J. F. Barnett's annual concert at the Hanover Rooms, which also gave us some fine instrumental music; and the National Choral Society's concert, at which Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* and Rossini's *Stabat Mater* were the principal features.

The Monday popular concert of the 8th was for the benefit of Herr Ernest. Whether a strong liking for Herr Ernest, or an unusually attractive programme, or both, were the cause of an immense and a fashionable audience, we will not attempt to decide. Certainly the programme was magnificent, or rather the concert which it indicated. Such names as Charles Hallé, Signor Pialti, Herr L. Ries, and Mr. Webb, too, were so many irresistible attractions; while two of the greatest violinists of the day came forward generously for the benefit of their brother violinist. In fact, virtually there was present such a trio of violinists as one could only expect actually to see once, if once, in a lifetime—Ernest, Joachim, and Wienawski. Unhappily, however, Herr Ernest is now unable to bring from his violin those wondrously poetic



sounds which were unsurpassed by any violinist that ever lived—Paganini not excepted. Ernest could not only make his violin sing, but sing with a soul. How fine a composer, also, Herr Ernest was, was shown at this concert—in the performance of his Quartet in A. It was strikingly original—broad, grand, and full of fire and passion; and under the hands of Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Webb, and Pialti was admirably rendered. M. Wienawski and Joachim could not avoid a friendly but determined rivalry. The "Erl König" of Schubert, as played by the former, was a splendid piece of artistic mechanism, if we may so call it. Never was violin more worthy of violinist, and never were the two more thoroughly identified than in this wondrous performance—too long to be uncared, though it was vigorously demanded, but not too long to be listened to with rapt attention. Herr Joachim vividly recalled memories of Ernest himself in his best days, as the former played that charming elegy which the latter composed. An encore was *de rigueur*, the audience would have it; and Herr Joachim—perhaps feeling that thus he was honouring him whom they had met to honour—of course complied. It is pleasing to see this honorable fraternization where we sometimes see so much unfriendly rivalry. Musicians—especially those who discourse most eloquent music on the same instrument—are not always so harmonious.

There is little occasion for criticism in referring to a pleasant episode in the month's musical history—the performance of the "Wandering Minstrels," in aid of St. Ann's Royal Asylum. The wandering minstrels, we all know, are amateurs. So long as they are content to sing without remuneration, we presume, they are entitled to consider themselves non-professionals; but if they play and sing as well in future as they did when performing for St. Ann's Asylum, and if they continue to associate as hitherto, be it but in the sacred cause of charity, the line of demarcation between amateur and professional musical performance will become very undefined. The programme was rich and varied, and the company distinguished.

Amongst the musical novelties to be produced at the Birmingham festival in September we hear of a new work, in the form of a cantata, by Henry Smart, the poem, founded on an old Irish legend, is by Mr. F. Enoch and the title of the work *The Bride of Dunkerron*.

The English Opera Association, that hope of young and aspiring composers, has been remodelled, and now appears before the public as "The Opera Company." The Directors have arranged with Mr. Gye to take Covent Garden Theatre for a winter season commencing in October, when the musical public will probably have an opportunity of hearing many excellent works by native composers, which otherwise might never have come to light. Among others we hear of new operas by Macfarren, Hatton, and G. B. Allen (the successful composer of *Harvest Home*).

Mdlle. Adrienne Peschel, the eminent pianist, who some years ago obtained the first prize at the Conservatoire of Paris, arrived in London recently. This lady is a pupil of Mr. Henri Herz, and well known throughout the Continent for her wonderful talent on the pianoforte. We understand that she intends appearing in public before the close of the season.

## REVIEWS.

THE new Music still pours on from the enterprising London publishers with an unceasing flow. Month after month, a new series of title-pages fills the shop-windows, new songs are advertised in the daily papers, new dance-music, new pianoforte music, new music of all descriptions possible. We select a few of the many recent publications for remark. The first piece that comes before us is a perfect little gem of its kind, *Swing-song*, Illustration for the Pianoforte, by Charles Fontaine, (London: Metzler & Co.) The measured rhythm of six-eight time is here used to illustrate the regular swinging oscillations. A graceful melody swings to and fro with a beautiful, lulling, calm effect; and just when a fear of monotony might spoil the interest of the music, the key is suddenly, but not disagreeably, changed, and the swinging sets off again with renewed vigour. This is just one of those unpretending pieces, in which a happy and original idea is well carried out, without strain and without exaggeration. There are so many pieces put together—we can hardly say composed—at the present day, without an idea, that have to depend upon manual difficulties, strained modulations, and eccentricities of key or time, that it is refreshing to find that pieces like the one before us are not altogether unrepresented. We shall be glad to see more compositions from the same hand.

They who like martial music, lively succession of chords, good octave passages for both hands, will find a pleasant study in a piece entitled *Thème Militaire*, pour le Piano, par Ignace Gibsons, (Metzler & Co.) The melody of the composition is well defined, and well sustained. It

is an unambitious piece, and superior to a publication by the same composer noticed in a previous number.

A good, dashing, lively piece of average difficulty is *Nina*, Sérénade Espagnole, pour Piano, par Gaston de Lille, (London: Metzler & Co.) We do not know what composer shelters his or her name under the high-sounding *nom de guerre* on the title-page. It is somehow characteristic of the music; our musical readers will be able to guess the style of the composition from the style of the name of the composer. It would have been better to have given the usual signature of the key of F minor for the first and last pages. It always increases the difficulty of reading to amateurs, to overload the stave with accidentals; besides which, the signature should represent the key of the piece, at any rate the alternative of the major and minor keys. However, the piece is cleverly put together, and evidently comes from the hand of an experienced pianist.

*The Mountain-stream*, Polka-Mazurka, composed and dedicated to Madame Hull by Fannie Saffell, (London: S. Clark, 9 Amen Corner.) With all due respect to the lady composer of this piece, we must beg to differ from her in the taste displayed by her in the choice of title. For our own part, we have never had a mountain-stream suggested to us during a polka-mazurka at a ball, except, by the way, the sugar and chalk mountain at the supper table supplied by the confectioner's art; neither have we ever experienced a suggestion of polka-mazurka amongst the Alps or Highlands. The music is sparkling and of the average merit.

We have spoken in a former number of a new cantata by the talented Miss Virginia Gabriel, entitled *Graziella*, the words by J. J. Lonsdale. We have now the pleasure of speaking of two numbers from the same, which will soon, doubtless, become familiar to the musical public. *Ave Maria Stella*, (London: Metzler & Co.) is a hymn for soprano, written in Miss Gabriel's well-known style. We wish, however, the first bar was not so suggestive of the Old Hundredth Psalm: afterwards, the melody flows freely and spontaneously. *Farewell, my Bark*, is from the same Cantata, for contralto voice. This is really a fine song, and will form a welcome addition to the *repertoires* of contralto singers—*repertoires*, alas! at present but scantily supplied. A short recitative introduces the air, which is in the minor key of A. A very effective passage in the key of E major is introduced in the middle of each verse. We congratulate Miss Gabriel upon this song, and hope soon to hear it sung in public.

*When Summer Winds* is the title of a song written by C. J. Rowe, composed by J. E. Mallandaine, (London: Metzler & Co.) We never remember seeing this composer's name before, but shall have no objection—judging of the song before us—to see it again. It is written for a tenor voice, but might be effectively sung by a soprano. The grammar of the second verse is somewhat disturbed by the music, a phrase of nine bars being repeated between the words "This faithful heart will never cease" and "to think of thee." The music is very pretty, and certainly above the average; the words, unfortunately, do not rise beyond common-place.

*The Maiden and the Streamlet*, Nocturne, for the pianoforte, by Henry W. Goodban, (Metzler & Co.) is a very pretty and flowing piece of the kind. The melody is well put together, and the whole arrangement is artistic and effective. The title is perhaps exceptionable. We almost used to associate the night with a nocturne: if our view be a correct one, the maiden at the streamlet, as illustrated on the cover of the music, is somewhat unusual if not inappropriate to the idea of night. A foolish name, however, will not mar the prettiness of the music.

*Homeward March*, by Ignace Gibsons, dedicated to all ranks of Volunteers, (Metzler), is a slight composition, unpretending and therefore effective. The subject is not a very good one, but is very well worked; and although the materials are never very much above common-place, the musicianly and artistic way in which they are put together more than compensates for other defects. The composer may certainly be congratulated upon the result. It will be found within the scope of ordinary pianoforte players.

## CONTINENTAL NOTES.

[FROM OUR GERMAN CORRESPONDENT.]

A very interesting *soirée* has recently been given at the Conservatorium of Leipzig, in honour of Professor Moscheles's seventieth birthday. The programme was made up with selections of his own compositions, and was performed with the utmost ability by his enthusiastic pupils and admirers. After the performance the professor ascended the orchestra, and, with perceptible emotion, addressed the audience to the following effect:—"First of all, I must express my gratitude to God the Almighty who has preserved me to this day in such complete health and strength; and then I must thank the directors, my colleagues, and the pupils, for the affection they have shown me to-day. As long as my mental and physical energy are preserved, I hope to devote them to the well-being of the Conservatorium and to the progress of art; and when the time comes that they begin to wane, be as lenient to me, I pray you, as you are affectionate now." This hearty speech was welcomed by the warmest applause, after which the company retired.

In the public examination of the pupils of the Conservatorium of Leipzig, which took place during the last few weeks, it was observed that among the pupils who were considered the best performers there were two *sujets*

*britanniques*, a Miss Georgina Weil (niece of Mr. Macfarren), who played Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor, and Mr. Horton Allison, who was much applauded by the appointed jury for his correct performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor.

The great annual Lower Rhine Festival took place in Whitsun week at Aix-la-Chapelle. Dr. Julius Rietz from Dresden was the director. The programme of the first day included Handel's oratorio *Belshazzar*, and F. Lachner's second suite for orchestra. The programme of the second day was Bach's *Magnificat*, the third act of Gluck's *Armide*, the 114th Psalm of Mendelssohn, and the 9th symphony of Beethoven. The chorus consisted of 122 sopranos, 96 contraltos (including 13 boys' voices), 98 tenors, and 135 basses—total 451; the orchestra included 140 instrumental performers, which gives the total of 591. The whole of the programme was admirably rendered. The solos were performed by Mdlle. Dustmann (now in London at Her Majesty's), Mdlle. Schreck, and Messrs. Gunz and Hill for the vocal part, and by Herr Joachim for the instrumental part.

Madame Clara Schumann has made a very successful tour throughout Russia. Not only in the two capitals, St. Petersburg and Moscow, but also in minor places like Riga and Mitau, and everywhere this gifted lady was received with the warmest applause. The music-lovers of Russia seem to have (thanks to the brothers Rubinstein) a great admiration for the late Robert Schumann's works; Messrs. Rubinstein, who may be considered as the leaders of music in Russia, have introduced Schumann's compositions in nearly all concerts, and these are duly appreciated by their audiences. Mr. Walter Bache from Birmingham, pupil of the Conservatorium of Leipzig, brother of the well-known composer and too early departed Edward Bache, has recently given a concert at Rome. The celebrated Dr. Liszt was present, and at the end of the performance congratulated the young pianist very much. The programme included works of Mendelssohn (*Fantasia*, Op. 28); Chopin (*Sonata*, Op. 65), pianoforte and violoncello; David (*Introduction and variations sur un thème russe*); Schumann (*Nocturne*, Op. 19), and two pieces of Liszt himself, *Les Préludes* and *Les Patineurs*.

Many of your German contemporaries speak very highly of a new invention of one of your countrymen, a Mr. Jackson, who, they say, is just visiting the chief musical towns of Germany in order to explain a new system which he has introduced into the study of keyed and stringed instruments; he is also the bearer of very high testimonials, respecting this invention, from many of the German celebrities.

Rubinstein's oratorio, *The Lost Paradise*, has recently been produced with success at Amsterdam.

A new oratorio, entitled *Rahab*, from the pen of a Herr Mewes, has also been produced for the first time at Brunswick, and was very well received.

Mehul's opera, *Joseph and his Brethren*, has been recently represented at Düsseldorf; but it seems that whatever great merits this work may possess, it is not to the taste of the Düsseldorfers, as the net income presented the amount of twelve shillings and four pence. In consequence of such an unexpected occurrence, the manager has sent in his resignation.—Herr Labor, a blind pianist, has created such a great sensation, by performing before the King of Hanover, that His Majesty at once engaged him as his private pianist.

A very sad event occurred recently at the theatre of Milan. A new *débütante* Mdlle. Carlotta Paoli, after five years' study with the best masters, made her first appearance on the stage; she was very well received by the audience, and at different times rapturously encored. But soon the storm of applause became calmer; the young lady suddenly ceased to sing, stared at the audience, murmured several broken words, and fell down. The unfortunate *débütante* was carried home by her parents in a state of complete madness.

*On the History of the Theatres and Music in Leipzig* is the title of a new essay by Dr. Emil Kneschke, published by F. Fleischer in Leipzig, of which your German contemporaries speak very highly.

Madame Pauline Viardot-Garcia has recently given several representations of Gluck's *Orpheus* at Stuttgart.

*On the Education for Music and by Music* is the theme which will be treated during the summer meetings by the Gemeinnützige Gesellschaft, a society for philanthropic purposes in Switzerland. *The Life of Beethoven* is the title of a new work by Ludwig Nohle. The first volume, which has just made its appearance, treats of the juvenile part of that great composer's life (1770—1792).

The sixth volume of the *Biographie de Musiciens*, by Fétis, has just been published. I think your readers may be pleased to know just now, as the question of a grant to the Royal Academy of Music is on the tapis, what subvention the French Government allows to the different theatres, and musical and dramatic institutions in Paris. From the budget for 1864 I extract the following:—

The Grand Opera receives a yearly subvention of	£32,800
The Théâtre Français	£9,600
The Théâtre Lyrique	£4,000
The Odéon	£4,000
The Conservatoire of Music and its branches in the provinces	£7,800
The Society in aid of musicians and authors	£3,800

and besides that, a sum of £18,400 is stipulated for the encouragement and promotion of music and the drama. The Duke Ernest of Saxe-Cobourg, who is the composer of several operas of merit, was so much delighted



with Signora Boschetti's *début* in *La Maschera* at the Grand Opera in Paris, that he at once promised to write expressly for her the music for a new ballet.

You are undoubtedly aware, that the first of July is fixed for the beginning of the *Liberté des Théâtres* in France; they speak there of about thirty-nine theatres, public and private, in construction in Paris alone. The celebrated Duke of Brunswick (celebrated for his diamonds at least) follows the general movement, and has a large building erected in his own residence for the purpose of theatrical performances; the duke himself will play some of the leading characters.

A new opera of Mercadante, entitled *The Insurrection of Poland*, has just been performed at Florence.

The French government has just appointed a commission for the consideration of the deep question of "the study of music to be made obligatory." The musical members of this commission are Messrs. Fel, David, Gevaert, L. de Rillé, Marmontel, and Haine.

Johann Strauss, the celebrated waltz composer of Vienna, has recently given at Berlin several concerts consisting of dance music. The composer and his band were well received and much applauded.

The concert season at St. Petersburg opened with Handel's *Elijah*, which was immediately followed by the same master's *St. Paul*, and both oratorios were welcomed by a burst of applause. This is a fact of rather important notice, as the capital of Russia had not had the pleasure of hearing an oratorio for a great many years; the taste for serious music is thus spreading its roots wider and wider. Madame Clara Schumann, Hans von Bulow, Dreyshock, and Davidoff are the stars of the season. At one of the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony was performed with the greatest success.

## Literary Notes and Notices.

THERE are but few persons who, on looking upon the exterior of one of the great London opera-houses, can appreciate what a world of life and activity is inscribed within its walls. Shakespeare has frequently compared the world to a stage, upon which men and women are players, but few persons have reversed the simile so aptly made, and contemplated a theatre as Mr. Lumley draws the picture in his interesting *Reminiscences of the Opera*. He tells us that he soon discovered that a theatre was like a little state, where jealousies, intrigues, and factions were constantly called into play, where the spirit of revolution was ever ready to lift its head, and where the opposition of enemies, with fancied causes for grievance, was ever at hand to crush the embryo of an adverse plan, or strangle it if maturing towards execution. With this view of the constitution over which Mr. Lumley reigned during twenty eventful operative years, it will at once be seen that we have in his book an invaluable addition to that class of literature delightful to those who love a "peep behind the scenes," and to pry into the mysteries, social and political, which influence events behind the curtain. The book itself is a handsome octavo volume, the style and type of which remind us of the early editions of Macaulay's history, and it bears all the outward signs at least of the publishers' estimate of the value of such a work, and they are right in supposing that the history of the management of a great theatre has its importance as that of a mighty state in the realm of art, and both interest and curiosity attach themselves to the administration of its government. In following Mr. Lumley from the commencement of his troubled reign, we can endorse his statement that the career of a director in his operative world may be regarded "as the venturesome leader of an army in a troubled country, or as one of the boldest of mariners on a stormy and dangerous ocean, and nowhere has the manager to struggle with such fearful hazards as in England." After a perusal of the various disturbing causes which Mr. Lumley cites as his experiences in the little world which he so familiarly and pleasantly describes, we can readily perceive the force of the truth applied to monarchs of more extended dominions—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The position of a director and the difficulties attending his duties are not exaggerated when Mr. Lumley tells us—

"From the noble Patron and Patroness down to the subscribing Bookseller; from the wealthy Citizen down to the *Modiste*—all frequenters or would-be frequenters of the opera, entertain a common sentiment of hostility towards 'the manager.' Most of them grudge giving their money. Each seeks to obtain his amusement by the least possible outlay. Admissions 'gratis' are sought with importunity by those who can set forth the slightest claim to the favour. Artists themselves show no consideration for the director's purse, but clamour for boxes and tickets for friends without limit. Such is the wide-spreading feeling among the opera-going public, on the opening of a new season. No one thinks of the outlay; but every one calculates the gains. Who ever expresses pleasure at the thought that the manager is making a profit? He is, to speak openly,

the 'common enemy' in the eyes of both public and artists. The latter feel injured if he reaps the harvest of their labours, and think he ought to pay them higher; the public feel displeasure at the prices required for admission, and argue, that, if the theatre 'pays,' the tariff ought to be lower. Lastly, the difficulties of the director, when they become notorious, excite no compassion. A few rich noblemen tender a certain amount of support, on the understood condition of being allowed to influence the administration; and when, induced by these flattering hopes of friendly assistance, the manager parts with his independence, he becomes powerless to recover his losses, and finally meets his ruin at the hands of the aristocratic ally, who relentlessly presses for repayment out of an empty treasury.

"Indeed, when the enormous expenditure involved in the carrying-on of the theatre, its high rent, the heavy rate of insurance against fire, the army of functionaries in its pay, the wear and tear of the 'properties,' the losses by non-payment of boxes, the vast sums absorbed by the artists—singers, dancers, and orchestra—are all taken into consideration, it is easy to imagine how large must be the receipts which should balance such outgoings. And be it always borne in mind, that in the case of Italian opera, the season, properly so called, lasts no more than four or five months out of the twelve."

We shall refer our readers to the volume itself for the early history of Mr. Lumley's management, and to the series of unfortunate failures which threw the conduct of the opera into his hands. These pages are intensely interesting, for they show us how a director in those days was no director at all, but completely at the mercy of an all-powerful band of artists, who, themselves behind the scenes, leagued with their friends before the curtain, were enabled to influence every decision, and to keep the director entirely under subjection. Mr. Laporte, Mr. Lumley's predecessor, gave up the reigns of government with scarcely a struggle to preserve independence, consoling himself with the reflection that he must treat these turbulent spirits as spoiled children, giving them what they cry for, forgetful of the fact that a child soon appreciates this system of government, and 'will soon learn that crying is the readiest mode of gaining his wishes.' The indecision of Laporte, however, bore bitter fruits to the future, and seems to have been the first cause of the development of that insubordination which eventually resulted in the origin of the new opera, and the ruin of the old establishment. In all of this, the reader will find much interesting and instructive matter, written in a pleasant and attractive style. Among the circumstances which faintly illustrate a few of Mr. Lumley's difficulties, the following is highly characteristic:—

"'Lucia,' on the whole admirably cast, and the 'Elisir d'Amore,' with Persiani, Lablache, Ronconi, and Mario, appeared for a few nights to have dispelled the thunder-clouds that hung over the opera; but for a few nights only, inasmuch as the 'cold and illness' system was soon found to be again at work; and, on the announcement of the 'indisposition' of both Persiani and Guasco, the change of performance thus necessitated brought forward fresh, or rather smouldering, elements of discord. The opera of 'Norma' was hastily substituted, with Madame Molteni as the *prima donna* of the night.

"Signor Mario, who had already sung the part of *Pollione* in Paris, was, naturally, called upon to resume his position in that opera. But Signor Mario refused so to do. He was appealed to as 'an artist, and as a gentleman,' to assist the manager under the embarrassment of the occasion. He still declined. A sore throat was then urged as the pretext of his refusal, and rival doctors published on the morrow advertisements respectively asserting and denying his inability to sing.

"The difficulty of the 'situation' being great, I wrote to Signor Mario, entreating him, if he could not sing, at least to appear, in order to propitiate the public by this demonstration of his good-will. The tenor's answer was, that he was engaged to sing, and not to appear. When at last another tenor was substituted, and already dressed for the part, Signor Mario (who by this time had probably been made aware of the false position in which he was placing himself) appeared in the theatre, to the astonishment of the manager, and declared himself, in inverted phrase, ready to appear, but not to sing. It was then too late."

There is, too, sufficient evidence of the arbitrary rule of Madame Grisi, when, as 'Queen of Song,' she was in the zenith of her beauty and her artistic fame; and the familiar names of many great artists are connected with associations which, as they stand in Mr. Lumley's narrative, do not increase our admiration for their personal characters. Recalling to mind the pleasant memories of yore, when our gracious Queen with her illustrious Consort delighted the nation by their mutual encouragement of art, and their sympathy with the sufferings of the people, we have several anecdotes in Mr. Lumley's volume:

"On the 26th May, 1842, the great ball, given for the relief of the distress among the Spitalfields weavers, took place at the opera; but splendid as were the glories of this *fête*, in which royalty took a prominent part, and much as it absorbed public attention at the time, the re-

cord of its brilliancy does not properly belong to a history of the management of Her Majesty's Theatre. Far more interesting in its way, although still not directly connected with the subject, was the appearance of the Queen in the theatre on the 31st May, being the evening after an insane attempt upon her life. The visit of Her Majesty had been expected. The opera-house was filled in every part to overflowing; and on the entrance of the Queen the expression of enthusiasm was electrical. The whole audience rose to its feet, and one loud deep burst of congratulatory applause burst forth from the vast concourse of human beings. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved. Many ladies sobbed aloud. During this demonstration the Queen stood at the front of her box and curtsied repeatedly, while Prince Albert bowed in reply to the deafening congratulations. The audience would not allow the opera to proceed till the 'National Anthem' had been sung, and, as a mark of special respect, Lablache and Persiani joined the rest of the company. At the words 'Scatter her enemies,' in particular, the most deafening acclamations arose, and one cheer more was raised when Her Majesty resumed her seat in the corner of the box."

Having in one of our early numbers given a sketch of the life of Mademoiselle Rachel, we cannot refrain from an extract which will serve to fill up some of the outlines already given:—

"This was (1842) the second appearance of this remarkable artist in England. During the previous season, the enthusiasm she had excited among the higher circles had been intense. She had been favoured by Royalty, courted and flattered by the aristocracy, made the great lioness of the season by society. Her renewed visit, therefore, to the capital of *la perfide Albion*, where, though she had first approached it with some fear and repugnance, she had been gloriously received, was now hailed as one of the great events of the season.

"It would be scarcely justifiable to enter here into details of the career of this gifted woman. If less courted during this second season by the high and exclusive, she was received by the general public with even greater triumph than on the previous occasion. Fashion had then determined her artistic position; and the ukase of fashion was, in this instance, founded on the highest truth and justice. The engagement was brilliant, and, I may add, remunerative; while my social relations with the remarkable artist were of the pleasantest kind, and remained so all through her few remaining years of existence. The spirit of exaction and rapacity of which she has been so frequently accused, was certainly never obtruded upon the English manager. Supported by an efficient company, among which was the elegant and accomplished Mademoiselle Rabut (now Madame Fechter), Mademoiselle Rachel found means to add to her great fame in a country where not even a confirmation of her previous reputation had been expected.

"Her first appearance was on the 10th June, 1842, in 'Les Horaces,' a tragedy in which her powers were best capable of producing a marked and striking effect, inasmuch as the expectation of the audience was kept in suspense during three acts, to be kindled into an enthusiasm amounting to frenzy by the grand burst of declamation in the fourth. After this first performance—skillfully selected to lead on the public mind—every night brought triumph to Mademoiselle Rachel. In 'Bajazet,' in 'Andromaque,' in 'Marie Stuart,' she electrified the house; and even in the monotonous 'Ariane,' of Thomas Corneille, and the dull 'Tancrède,' of Voltaire, she worked up her audience by the force of her impersonations to a state of frantic admiration. Great indeed must have been the power of this young actress to have not only reconciled the English taste to the uncongenial classicalities of French 'legitimate' tragedy, but to have produced in her audience a positive enthusiasm.

"It is a genuine fact, that many ladies fainted from emotion during these representations. One was carried insensible from the theatre, in spite of all efforts to recover her. On this circumstance being told to an American manager, he exclaimed, 'Oh! that's nothing! She ought to have died in the theatre! The effect would have been tremendous! What a good puff lost!'

"The humble origin of Mademoiselle Rachel is well known, but few perhaps are aware that she had not received in her youth the commonest rudiments of education, and that she taught herself writing merely by copying the manuscript of others. On her first introduction into high society she was greatly embarrassed by the conventions of the table, and the question that once arose in her mind, at a grand dinner, as to the proper use of the knife and fork in the consumption of asparagus, was infinitely embarrassing."

To show how pleasantly Mr. Lumley can deviate occasionally from the historical subject of his work, and as propounding a theory not altogether new, but deserving attention, we may quote the following:—

"During the short sojourn of the Emperor Nicholas in England, the veteran diplomatist, Count Nesselrode, by whom he was accompanied, was on one occasion my guest. I took the liberty of asking the Count the secret of his prolonged youth, when he replied, 'Music and flowers.' This anecdote may serve (as far as it goes) to confirm an observation which has been made to the effect, that long-lived diplomatists have generally cultivated a love for music. The present distinguished ambassador of Russia at the British Court (who accompanied the Russian chan-



cellor on the visit referred to) is himself an enlightened connoisseur of the art. The late Prince Metternich is another very notable example. The late Duke of Wellington was one of the most constant supporters of the opera. Prince Paul Esterhazy, Count Rechberg, Lord Westmoreland, and others, might also be enumerated.

"Music and flowers! Delicious sounds and bright colours. I hope I shall be pardoned the digression when I state, that I know a person with whom music and colours are so intimately associated, that whenever this person listens to a singer, a colour corresponding to his voice becomes visible to the eyes. The greater the volume of the voice the more distinct is the colour, and when the voice is good, the high and low notes are of the same colour; whereas if different colours appear during the performance of the same singer, the voice is naturally unpleasant or has been forced out of its natural register.

"To show that my gifted friend is not content with maintaining a mere theory, I give a list of celebrated singers, with the colours which, it is asserted, correspond to their voices:—

"GIUGLINI.—Maroon. The colour softened and well blended in its gradations. Substance, a rich velvet pile.

"MARIO.—A beautiful violet, more like satin than velvet.

"TAMBEKLI.—A carmine; but unequal—on some notes, the colour very strong, and on some notes scarcely any colour. The voice like a cannon when fired; a flash succeeded by haziness, but the flash very brilliant whilst it lasts.

"SIMS REEVES.—A golden brown, something like a shot-silk.

"BELETTI.—Somewhat of crimson lake, mixed with indigo. Equal, but the two colours always mixed.

"GARDONI.—A watery sun, with a dark cloud before it.

"GRAZIANI.—An Indian red, tinged with a beautiful golden brown—a magnificent colour. Substance, a rich velvet pile.

"ALBONI.—A blue (cobalt). Voice like so many raised lines or divisions, mechanically and formally correct. Laterally, some of the notes with colour less bright.

"GRISI.—(Latter times)—Varies greatly—primrose and sometimes changes to blue. *Mem.*—The colours change when the voice is not equal.

"PICCOLOMINI.—Pétillant. Many sparkling emanations as when gunpowder is thrown on fire; some portions of the voice little colour, but those that have colour very brilliant and pleasing.

"PATTI.—Light and dark drab, with occasional touches of coral.

"BOSIO.—A very beautiful moss-rose colour, with a diamond-like transparency.

"TREBELL.—Prussian blue, a strong ordinary colour—equal.

"BORGHINI-MANO.—Scarlet and black. Some nights the voice being one colour, sometimes another, and occasionally both—made her performances differ, sometimes producing considerable effect, and sometimes but little. The middle voice is a good colour—the high and low an unpleasant one. They are probably not natural, but the result of force.

"PAULINE VIARDOT.—At least half a dozen colours—one or two like a silk shot, the shots at moments very pretty, at other times very disagreeable.

"CLARA NOVELLO.—Tomato; always the same, but a glaring colour.

"TITIENS.—Red in some, and a pink in other parts of the voice. Latterly the colours faded in some of the notes.

"LOUISA PINE.—Pale sky-blue; very pretty and delicate, but a little faded.

"MIGLAN CARVALHO.—A French lilac; very pretty.

"BATTU.—Yellow and white—two distinct colours. Sometimes the white is beautiful and pure, whilst the yellow is not good; but sometimes the two colours blend, and form (in iden) a daisy, which is really pretty—like whipped cream with little bits of dark spice in it.

"PENCO.—Some notes yellow, like a beautiful canary colour; but some notes are like yellow ochre—a vulgar yellow. The voice is unequal.

"ALDIGHIERI.—Warm (reddish) violet colour.

"CARLOTTA MARCHESIO.—A bronze auricula.

"BARBARA MARCHESIO.—Carnation.

"This faculty of perceiving colours while listening to music, though it sometimes increases the pleasure of the listener, may also be a source of pain. I do not mention names, but the person bears witness to the existence of voices that have caused an appearance of the colours of snails, stale beer, sour milk, curry powder, rhubarb, mud splashed, and tea-leaves from which the water has been strained.

"Some may smile at the above, as the mere creation of an idle fancy; but I am inclined to regard the association between sound and colour as a proven fact, worthy of scientific investigation, and perhaps in another work I may descend more amply on the subject."

We shall, we imagine, already have excited the interest of our readers in this highly entertaining volume, to which, in the present number, we cannot devote further space. To the history of the seasons, from 1846 to the close of the theatre, we shall again refer. The period is full of the dissensions with Grisi, Mario, and Costa, and the anxieties of the director of Her Majesty's Theatre upon the opening of the rival house at Covent Garden—the history of the Jenny Lind *furor*—the great exhibition season—the *début* of Mdlle. Piccolomini—and, lastly, the engagement of Mdlle. Tietjens. In conclusion of our

present notice, we cannot refrain from quoting Mr. Lumley's opinion of the Press, containing, as it does, at once a graceful compliment and a characteristic anecdote:—

"The gentlemen of the 'Fourth Estate,' as it has been happily called, have difficult duties to perform. To write, on the instant, their impression of works just seen and heard, requires a steady hand and intelligent head; and words must indeed possess supernatural vitality that could convey, at all times, such an account as will satisfy the cravings of admirers, the carplings of detractors, the impartial but varying critical judgments of connoisseurs, as well as reflect the impression made on the public.

"I have generally recognised in the members of the press, heart, principle, and right feeling; and when the power intrusted to them, for good or for evil, is considered, their impartiality is wonderful. They may, at times, possibly be 'to our faults a little blind, and to our virtues very kind,' but it is not well to temper justice with indulgence? There are many great artists whose rising talent has been encouraged at the commencement (when a word would have been sufficient to destroy), and developed by kindness on the part of the press, coupled with a judicious moderation in the exercise of critical acumen.

"There is no class of men from whose society I have derived more pleasure than the literary, particularly of that section connected with the press. The exigency of the public, requiring generally a report of the events almost as soon as they occur, necessitates in them an habitual readiness of expression particularly agreeable in the passing hours of recreation, when the flowers rather than the granite constructions of literature are welcome. My relations with many of the periodical critics—present to me at this moment—count amongst my most pleasing recollections.

"If the press were not unkind in my prosperity, they were truly kind to me in my adversity; and indeed to thoroughly appreciate their sterling qualities, one must have passed through a varied career like mine, the last phase of which confirmed my belief that their sensibility to impressions, so necessary to the proper discharge of their arduous duties, belongs not less to the heart than to their talent and intelligence.

"While speaking of the press, a literary dinner occurs to my memory which, among a certain party, was long afterwards talked about as the 'Banquet of the Wits.' The dinner took place at my villa; the guests, some ten or twelve, comprised several choice spirits of the day, and more than ordinary brilliancy was expected from the circumstance that Messrs. W. M. Thackeray and G. A. à Beckett (now, alas! both deceased) were among their number. Expectation was grievously disappointed. Never was the 'feast of reason' more insipid; never did the 'flow of soul' more closely approach stagnation. The smaller wits thought all the sparkling was to be done by the more distinguished luminaries, and these, with distressing magnanimity, refused to outshine their less noted brethren. Thus a perfect equilibrium of dulness was preserved."

The poetical event of the month is the publication of Mr. Robert Browning's *Dramatis Personæ*, and this volume is well deserving that attention which has been bestowed upon it by the reading public in general, and by critics in particular. Mr. Browning is one of the few poets of the present who can command a respectable audience. By a large class of readers he is looked upon as the founder of a new school of poetry. These ardent disciples regard him in the light of a poet throwing open the portal of a golden future in a new era of poetry, regarding Mr. Tennyson as having attained the summit of the standard of excellence in the past. The striking contrast existing between the thoughtful unity and poetical flow of Mr. Tennyson's carefully-written poems, and the abrupt, peculiar lines of Mr. Browning's, perhaps account for the hesitation with which another class of readers fail to recognize in the present volume any remarkable display of poetic power. They are compelled to admit that it contains expressions strikingly original, sometimes profound; but as they appeal to few popular sentiments, and are incapable of sustaining the higher emotions of enjoyment, they do not readily commend themselves as popular favorites. Both of these classes of readers will find sufficient in this volume to support their diverse opinions, for it illustrates, in a remarkable manner, how material a poet's expressions may sometimes become, and at the same time furnishes unmistakable proof that the writer is a true poet, for none other could have written many of the verses of which it is composed. We candidly confess that we do not entirely sympathize with either class. We turn over its pages with a consciousness that Mr. Browning's oddities have seriously affected and impaired the value of his works. There are, unquestionably, many beautiful passages, but through most of the volume there seems a painful straining after originality, not so much of thought as of expression. Hence we have a number of lyrics anything but lyrical, and metres entirely devoid of music. They cannot even be said to be readable, and often mar the sense and beauty of a thought by their artificial peculiarity. We have often heard it said that the matchless melody of Mr. Tennyson's verses have capti-

vated the ear long before the subtlety and charm of the thought they were written to convey could find their way into the heart. In other words, that the music of a poem has excited a sufficiently powerful influence upon the mind to awaken emotions of pleasure entirely apart from the higher enjoyment of the appreciation of poetic thought. Mr. Browning, however, will never win his way into the heart by the music of his verses, for his quaint, often abrupt utterances render them as unreadable as they appear in his hands to have been unmanageable. They entirely lack that marvellous harmony which make the irregular lines of Shelley so delightful, and words are scattered over Mr. Browning's more ambitious efforts which, were there such a book in existence, would never be found in a poetical dictionary. But through all there is evidence of omnipresent genius, although we could scarcely have expected to find so many phrases which would have appeared to better advantage in a controversial leading article, a metaphysical or satirical essay. The composition exhibiting Mr. Browning's most glaring peculiarities is entitled "Mr. Sludge, the Medium." We cannot, however, call this a poem, and we turn with greater pleasure to the more legitimate efforts. The following we find in a pretty poem entitled "Gold Hair":—

"Oh, the beautiful girl, too white,  
Who lived at Farnham, down by the sea,  
Just where the sea and the Loire unite!  
And a boasted name in Brittany  
She bore, which I will not write.  
"Too white, for the flower of life is red;  
Her flesh was the soft, seraphic screen  
Of a soul that is meant (her parents said)  
To just see earth, and hardly be seen,  
And blossom in Heaven instead."

And in proof that there are some poems in the collection which will sustain even Mr. Browning's reputation, we would quote the following remarkable effusion, sufficient, we should think, to awaken interest in this book in the minds of all our poetical readers:—

#### "PROSPICE"

"Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
The mist in my face,  
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
I am nearing the place,  
The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
The post of the foe;  
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
Yet the strong man must go:  
For the journey is done and the summit attain'd,  
And the barriers fall,  
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gain'd,  
The reward of it all.  
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
And bade me creep past.  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
The heroes of old,  
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
Of pain, darkness, and cold.  
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end,  
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest!"

We have received a very entertaining and instructive volume entitled *London Scenes and London People*, by, "Aleph," (London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, Aldersgate.) The work consists of sketches concerning noteworthy localities, buildings, and persons connected with the city of London, and was originally published under the title of "City Scraps" in the *City Press*. To all lovers of the quaint antique lore which local antiquaries are so industrious in collecting from all sorts of out-of-the-way sources, it is obvious that this book will be interesting for the subjects upon which it treats and the facts it contains; but it has another, if not a higher, recommendation, for its genial, pleasant style will make it acceptable to the general reader. There is nothing dry in the work; a quiet, genuine humour runs through its pages which never degenerates into that hysterical funniness so characteristic of newspaper sketches. Sixteen wood-engravings of remarkable objects, printed on toned paper, embellish the volume, which would be an ornament to any library or drawing-room table. The subscription-list at the end shows that it received a warm welcome from the citizens; but there are probably still many educated men connected with the City who are strangers to its pages. To them we specially recommend it, as a book that will make almost every familiar object of old London suggestive of many interesting associations.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Musical and Literary contributions should be addressed to the Editors, 33 Firth-street, Soho-square, London, W. Books and Music for review will be received by Messrs. Hall, Allen, and Smart, 25 Paternoster Row, E.C., or at the Office of THE MUSICAL MONTHLY.



## Fiction.

## THE JUDGE'S DAUGHTER.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

It was a dark night; a winter night; a night when the winds were abroad, with snow, and all the fury of a tempest.

Here and there, along the streets, the glimmer of a light might be seen. It was before the days of gas, and the oil lamps were mostly blown out by a moderate breeze. Sometimes a pedestrian could be descried staggering along, gathering his cloak around him at every fourth step, and turning his back as often to the storm that threatened to strip him.

Long before midnight every street in the city was silent and deserted, and the few lights left might as well have gone out with their fellows, since they served no good purpose to any mortal. Not even a thief would venture out on such a night, or expose his precious body to such a storm.

In the old court-room of the Oyer and Terminer a scene was presented on that night which at this day is somewhat unusual.

The court had been in session since ten in the forenoon, having taken a recess for dinner and another for supper. It was now ten o'clock, and the court and jury were alike exhausted; but they had agreed to finish the cause on trial that night, and the jury were listening to the summing-up on the part of the people by the district attorney, who was calmly and dispassionately laying before them the evidence, and, with tremendous force, urging on them the propriety of a verdict against the prisoner.

The judge was a stranger to that bench. He was from a country circuit, appointed to relieve the press of city business, and he had worked steadily for four weeks of the term, which was now approaching its close, and had disposed of an immense amount of work. He had won the respect of the bar by his dignified and urbane bearing, his clear and lucid opinions and decisions, his kindness to younger members of the profession, and his steadfast attention to the work before him. But away from the bench no one saw him. From the moment that he left the court-room he disappeared. His carriage blinds were always closed, and he drove directly to his hotel, where he kept his rooms, and did not appear until to return to the court-room.

It was said that he was a man of great wealth, of elegant tastes, of refined and luxurious habits of life. Men wondered why he submitted to the drudgery of the bench; to the hard labour which a judge must do.

He did not need the salary: that was evident from his style of living at home and in the city. He did not need the position or reputation it gave him: that he had enjoyed while at the bar and in Congress, when to be in Congress was an honour. He did not do it from love of it: that no one who knew him would suspect; for, while he was prompt and faithful to attend to his duties, he never went one step farther, and in all his decisions was exceedingly careful not to waste time or words, or to travel out of the record, as is the fashion with our judges now, who seek arguments in Karnak and old Thebes to decide real estate questions in Rockland county.

Why he retained his judgeship, therefore, remained a subject of conjecture; and perhaps the most reasonable suggestion was that he did so for employment of mind, and to keep himself from painful thought. If so, it was a good plan. Nothing could more effectually drive away all painful recollections than steady devotion to the business of a circuit judge, provided he could once get the victory for the labour over the memories. If painful memory kept him from business, it would be of no avail; but let him once forget the past, in the absorbing interest of judicial study, and he might retain the victory.

Such, doubtless, was the truth with Judge Cameron. To the case now before him he had devoted himself with even unusual diligence. He seemed to be absorbed in it during the sessions of the court, and to have bent all the energies of his mind to the points involved. It was remarked, too, that from day to day, as it progressed, he had gradually leaned more and more against the prisoner, as if he had become convinced of the propriety of a verdict of guilty even before the evidence closed. This is not an uncommon occurrence. In most cases a man must be superhuman to avoid this. It may be said that a judge should conceal them, if he has such feelings. We will not stop to discuss that now. Charles Cameron was no man to disguise his feelings on or off the bench.

The district-attorney closed, and the jury rose to listen to the charge of the court.

The prisoner was a woman. She was indicted for the murder of her child, a young infant, and the case had hung, as most cases of this nature do, on medical testimony. The child was but a month old, and was found dead in its bed. The marks on its body might have indicated the cause of its death, or might have been the convulsive graspings of the mother holding her dead boy to her heart. The prosecution contended for the one view, the defence for the other. The medical evidence had been about equally balanced.

It was in proof that the mother lived alone in a house in the outskirts of the city; that she kept a servant, and had frequent visits from a gentleman, whose face the servant had never seen, though two years had passed during which he was there almost daily. She lived in plain and respectable style, was seldom out of her house,

saw no other person but this one man, and had two children, of which this child was one, which died one month after it was born. Her usual visitor had not been seen for a month before her arrest.

On the cross examination the servant showed clearly that she had a feeling of enmity to the prisoner, growing out of some trifle, but not uncommon in persons of her position, leading them, as lawyers see daily illustrated, to lie, and verify their lies by oaths, to obtain revenge for their real or fancied wrongs.

View it in its best light, the case was a dark one. So all who were in the court-room seemed to think. So thought the prisoner's counsel, than whom none abler could be found in the city.

To say the best of the whole case, it was a mysterious one, and none the less so that the prisoner had sat in court from day to day heavily veiled, and no one had seen her face, or knew what-looking person she was.

The judge received the testimony fully. His clear mind had taken in every point, and arranged it with reference to its logical bearing on the case, so that as he proceeded new light seemed to break on the dark points.

The prisoner, for the first time in the course of the trial, appeared interested in what was going on. She turned her face toward the bench, and gradually leaned forward as if to catch every sound that he uttered. As he proceeded, she sometimes shuddered.

Before he closed, he adverted to one singular point in the case.

"You cannot fail to have observed, gentlemen, that no attempt has been made to clear the mystery hanging about the prisoner's former history and character, and manner of living. Whether it has or has not any direct bearing on the question of her guilt or innocence, it has much weight on the general question of character. No proof of good character is offered you. No one stands here to vouch for it. No one offers any endorsement of the prisoner's manner of life, but, on the contrary, you are left to believe that she was without friends, without acquaintances, and for some reason out of the pale of society. While this friendlessness may be the result of misfortune, it is ordinarily understood to be the result of guilt; and though it by no means authorizes you to stamp the prisoner as a murderess, it is entitled to its weight in determining her character, and the probability of her being induced to commit the crime of which she stands accused!"

With a few general remarks the charge closed.

Before the jury retired, and immediately after the judge ceased, one of the jurors, a man of mild and venerable aspect, asked the court if it was proper to request the prisoner to remove her veil. "I cannot well determine a question of such importance with reference to a person I have never seen," said he.

The prisoner was sitting in the same attitude, with her face turned to the judge, her head leaning toward him, as if she still heard his voice. She had not moved. She heard the question, however, and with one hand swept back her veil from her countenance.

Never in any court-room, since the trial of the beautiful Lady Jane Grey, did a face of such royal beauty flash on the gaze of an astonished jury. She was young—not more than twenty-five. Her features were of exquisite mould; her forehead broad and massive; her eye light-blue, and exceedingly clear and rich; her lips of matchless chiselling.

But the agony that was on all her face was unutterable, indescribable. She fixed her steady, imploring gaze on the judge, turned it to the juror who had spoken, and again let her veil fall, and herself sank back exhausted and fainting.

It was not till after the jury had retired that the clerk observed that the judge had fallen from his chair. Hastily rushing up to the bench, the officers lifted him and carried him to an open window. He revived soon, and the snow on his forehead recalled him to his senses. At first he muttered some inaudible sentences, and then gained strength to stand. He looked around him anxiously, and then, thanking the officers for their attention, he resumed his seat, and quietly awaited, with others, the return of the jury. The attack was attributed by all present to over-exertion and the closeness of the room. No one—I am wrong—only one of the persons who were in the court-room besides himself knew of the emotions which had so shaken that man. While the jury are deliberating, we will go back in the story, and endeavour to make the scene as intelligible to the reader as it was to those two.

Charles Cameron, the only son of a wealthy lawyer of the colony of Virginia, was heir alike to a large fortune and a stern disposition. The old man had been a Royalist in the revolution, and never forgave the colonies their successful revolt. The son was a Whig, as violent as his father was on the other side, and many severe contests arose between them on political subjects. It was remarked as strange, that the old man, after all the violent scenes which had passed between his son and himself, and after all the enmity he had expressed to his son's principles, should have left him his fortune without limit or incumbrance. The son was in all respects worthy a fortune. He was a polished gentleman, a good companion, a faithful counsellor, and a splendid scholar. He removed to a northern state shortly after his father's death, and soon took a prominent stand at the bar. Party politics ran high. He was a candidate for Congress against a man twenty years his senior. Many bitter things were said on both sides, some of which the hot blood of the young man resented with fury, and some which the cool

determination of the older candidate made causes of enmity that was confirmed by his defeat, and made tenfold more fierce when young Cameron ran away with his daughter, married her, and took her to Washington as his bride.

She never went into her father's house again, nor was recognized by him, or by any of his family, when they met, as they did daily, in the streets. Sixteen years passed, during which neither Cameron nor Bromley changed one jot in their feelings toward each other; and then death came into the house of the former.

Death is a terrible leveller. He is a tremendous enemy to distinctions. So even are the bottoms and the surfaces of graves, that men begin to feel that level whenever death approaches them, and are ready to forget all their differences. Not so John Bromley; he was not like other men. Not so Charles Cameron; he was like John Bromley.

"Charles," said Alice Cameron, "I am dying, and I would fain be reconciled to my father. Will you ask him to come and see me?"

He consented willingly, and sent that very hour a servant with a note asking Mr. Bromley to do Mrs. Cameron the honour to call and see her. Such a formal note seemed strange in such circumstances; but all the town knew that Mrs. Cameron was dying, and he could not but understand it as a summons to the death-bed of his daughter. He paid not the slightest attention to it. She pencilled with her own feeble hand a petition—a daughter's earnest prayer—that she might be allowed to look once more on his face before she departed to the dread assembly of the dead. He did not come. When Cameron saw his wife lying dead, and the note returned, unopened, lying on the little stand by her head, he vowed a solemn vow that he would never forgive the man that last unkindness, not on earth, not though he stood at heaven's gate and were excluded for that hatred. He forgot that he would have done just so himself.

She left him one daughter fifteen years old. Two years later she was seventeen, and exceedingly beautiful. All the strong man's heart was bound up in the child; and she was one to love. Her form was of the mould of Eve's. Her eye was of the blue of the skies of Eden. Her voice was perfect music. For the first two years after her mother's death she was growing into complete womanhood, and then she was a splendid woman.

I have some hesitation in attempting to describe her character. It was by no means perfect. It was hardly possible that the child of such a father should be very mild and gentle; and, in fact, she was very like him in her firmness and her determination of purpose. Withal she inherited from her mother an amount of passion, warmth of feeling, and devotedness to any object of her affection, which, coupled with her fixedness of will, made her a difficult subject of management.

These were the prominent points of danger in her character. Everything else was exceedingly winning and lovely, and even these points rendered her more attractive. If her horse refused to leap a fence, she rode him at it steadily till he did it. If she wished a flower that grew on the edge of a precipice, she walked boldly out and plucked it. If one she called friend were in need, she never rested till the aid was rendered. She had even been known to go alone at midnight for a physician to see her father in a severe attack of illness, because she would not trust a servant.

It was not strange that the strong man's heart wound itself around her. He made her his idol. He was gradually devoting himself more and more rigorously to his profession, and when he did permit himself to escape his library, it was his joy to be welcomed by her unrivalled smile and voice. She queened it in his house, and held gay revels in the large drawing-room while her father pored over books in his undisturbed office.

Matters were in this condition when Mr. Bromley died, leaving a will by which he gave his entire property to his three children older than Alice, cutting off Mrs. Cameron and her daughter Kate.

Mr. Cameron had no care for the money; a fourth of the fortune would not amount to a tithe of that which he would himself give to his daughter. But a flaw in the will of his old foe would be a grand discovery, and a capital revenge, and he sought for it, and, as he supposed, found it.

The consternation, anger, fury of the Bromley family may be imagined when it was announced that the father of Kate Cameron, now just of age, had commenced proceedings to set aside the will of her grandfather. The reputation of the lawyer did not suffice to satisfy them that it was anything more than the enmity of the man that induced the proceeding, and they employed counsel to oppose.

One evening, not long after this, Mr. Cameron came somewhat suddenly from his library, through his drawing room, and into a small parlour which was devoted to books of the lighter sort, and to musical instruments. He was seeking an authority which his library did not furnish. He found something he did not expect.

Possible the freedom of life which he had permitted to his daughter might have authorized it; certainly it ought to have excused it, though it was a strange affair.

Kate was sitting in no equivocal position with a gentleman. His arm was around her, her head on his shoulder; and she was in such a splendid flow of spirits that it was not until her companion called her attention to him, that she saw her father standing in the door with a brow like a thunder-cloud.



"Young man, leave this house!" was the first remark of the father.

"John, keep your seat!" was the firm response of the daughter, as she rose and met her father's eye with a look that was as firm as his.

War was declared—that was manifest. The young man was John Bromley, grandson of the father of Mrs. Cameron, cousin of Kate, and the first of that family who had ever been seen in the house of the Camerons. He now interposed, with some confusion indeed, but politely:

"Accident makes necessary, Mr. Cameron, what I had intended to defer until a more auspicious time, when our present hostile aspect might be somewhat changed. But doubtless..."

"Explanation is unnecessary, sir. I have requested you to leave the house; oblige me by sparing me the trouble of enforcing my request."

"Stop a minute, John; I will go with you!"

Mr. Cameron looked at his daughter calmly, half smiling at the spirit which he in fact admired.

"And where do you propose to go? To Stephen Bromley's? I fancy you will not find a welcome there."

"I don't care where, father. I love John Bromley, and I will go with him to the world's end."

"And leave me, Kate?"

There was a look of pain mingled with the sternness in her father's face, and it melted her. The next instant they two were alone, and she lay folded in her father's arms. But the charmed bond that held that father and daughter together was injured. We cannot pause to relate how it was bruised more and more, and finally broken. It was enough that Kate was determined to conquer her father, and all the evidence he furnished her that John Bromley was an abandoned character, unfit for her to love, but served to convince her of her father's injustice; and after a succession of violent scenes, the end came, and she disappeared.

He made no search for her. His heart was well-nigh broken. His home was absolutely desolate. He devoted himself to his profession, went upon the bench, studied, laboured, strove day by day, year after year, to forget, and in part succeeded.

Nevertheless there were times when the memory of the past came over him like a flood, tearing up the strong barriers he had builded to keep them back, sweeping over his soul, and laying it waste and desolate. Sometimes, in the solemn nights, he would remember the beloved wife of his early years, and would weep bitterly in his lonesome room. Oftener still, his radiant daughter would appear before him in all her young loveliness, and he would shudder as he thought what might now be her fate abandoned to the tender mercies of a cruel world.

And so years rolled on, and he grew old fast; and when Kate Cameron should have been twenty-five, her father was prematurely old, and his mind was broken by his sorrows.

And when she threw back her veil and looked at him; when their eyes met once, only one instant, and he saw all the horrible scene before him, it was not strange that reason for the time departed. It was only strange that any life remained.

It is astonishing what command men may obtain over their features. He sat in the chair, leaning back listlessly, waiting the coming-in of the verdict, and no one would have dreamed that he was more than ordinarily interested in what was going on.

The night crept slowly on. The day was approaching; and still no verdict.

The clerk had fallen asleep; the constables sat nodding on the steps that led up to the bench; the counsel had gone out, and were solacing themselves at a neighbouring hotel with cigars and punch, discussing the trial and the news of the time, with an occasional joke and story by way of enlivenment. The candles had burned down, and the long wicks obscured the light, so that it was difficult to see across the court-room. The low hum of conversation had given place to profound silence, and now all was hushed, as if the same repose that blessed others, guilty or innocent, were blessing the prisoner and the court alike.

But an observer, had there been one, would have been startled at the scene which the court-room now presented in all this stillness.

The judge, from letting his gray eye rove round the room, had, when he saw that no one observed him, fixed it on the prisoner, who sat in a large chair, erect as before. She had removed the veil from her face, and sat uncovered, with her gaze fixed on his countenance. Neither could see the expression of the other's face. Each knew that the other was looking, but neither gave any indication of the knowledge. Her face was calm, but full of deep, ardent, earnest love, mingled with impending anxiety. Could he have been distinguished, the similitude would have been startling.

Slowly the night wore on. A little before daylight a stir announced the coming of the jury. As they entered, the court-room resumed its former appearance. The lights were trimmed; the constables awoke; the clerk roused himself to call over the names of the jury. But they had only come for instruction.

"In what the court had said about character, were they to understand that lack of evidence of the prisoner's good character, was presumptive evidence of bad character?"

It was a nice question, and, in the present instance, a terrible one. For a father to direct a jury in determining the character of his daughter on presumptive evidence, was a work requiring no small mental determination. But he did it calmly, repeating what he had said before,

and saying in substance, that though no evidence of bad character, it was entitled to its weight in connection with the other evidence in the case.

Day broke on the city, and light stole into the court-room—gray, and feeble, and cold at first, flushing up at length into the full glory of the sunrise. Men were now astonished to observe what a change the night had made in Judge Cameron's countenance. He was haggard, worn, and thin. He looked twenty years older than on the previous day. The prisoner remained invisible.

At seven o'clock the jury entered. Man by man answered to his name, and the clerk demanded their verdict.

None leaned more eagerly forward to hear it than the judge. The prisoner alone seemed unmoved. Her counsel sat with trembling hand waiting the announcement.

It was given at length:—

"NOT GUILTY!"

She threw back the veil from her face, and it was magnificent now in its splendid beauty. First she thanked the jury with a look that was enough, and then suddenly rose and turned to the judge.

But he was not visible. He had again fallen. She was the first by his side; and when the astonished officers attempted to remove her, she shook them off with the astounding declaration: "He is my father!"

Fourteen years more passed rapidly away. Judge Cameron had resigned his seat on the bench, sold his possessions in — County, and disappeared from the neighbourhood in which his active life had been passed. None knew the reason for all this change. It was sudden and executed with as much rapidity as it was conceived. His place in the county and in public life was occupied by John Bromley, who, by dint of political management, had contrived to be elected to Congress, and almost, although not quite, to be appointed to the judgeship made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Cameron.

Bromley was in no respect the equal of the latter. He was in all respects his inferior. He was a man of low instincts and low associations. Educated, indeed, and accomplished as the world esteems accomplishments, possessed of many fascinating ways of hypocrisy, and well fitted to become the deceiver of such a frank girl as was Kate Cameron, now long forgotten in the community. Sometimes, indeed, in hours of unusual freedom over his wine with boon companions, John Bromley had hinted at his conquest over the splendid beauty of the county ten years before, and had left it to be inferred that he had been base enough to deceive and abandon her. But he was never known to recur to such subjects when sober; and a dark cloud often rested on his face when he should have been most gay. He was an accomplished scoundrel, and won his way as such men can do.

Steadily and stealthily he had absorbed all the wealth of his grandfather, and deprived his cousins of their shares of it. By one and another cunning trick of rascality, concealed so that the world called it a good speculation or a lucky hit, he had, for trifling considerations, become owner of all the vast estate which old John Bromley left, and had united to it the lands of Judge Cameron, so that his property was one of the finest in the State. But, if the truth were known, he was not so rich. His large estate was heavily encumbered, and he bethought himself, at forty-five, to marry a wife by whom to increase his wealth, and redeem his lands, and save himself from ruin. He accordingly looked about him for such a person.

In the village was a boarding-school which had a celebrity through all the country. The ladies who had charge of it were two maiden sisters of forty to fifty years experience, who had lived in the village from their youth.

Among their scholars was one who had now been with them some eight years, and who was an exceedingly beautiful girl of seventeen. She was tall, slender, graceful, and of rare attractiveness of face and feature. The whole village had learned to love her, and yet she was never known to enter a house in the place. Miss Carlton was the admired of all, but known by none.

Her wealth was reputed to be immense. Her mother, she stated, was a widow, residing alternately in New York and in the south of Europe. One winter she had passed with her in the Apennines, and there had seen her grandfather, who constantly resided there, never accompanying her mother to America. Next spring she was to leave school for ever, and then she hoped to live abroad among those mountains in some one of those quiet villages like Pau. Such was the talk among her schoolmates, all of whom looked up to her, as well they might, as to one altogether their superior.

Rumours of her great wealth reached the ears of John Bromley. He had seen her; and he thought that a young and beautiful wife like Katharine Carlton would well become his halls, and so he determined to make her his, if he could but verify the stories he heard of her expectations.

With him, to plan and to execute had always been one and the same work, and he had little difficulty in ascertaining who paid her bills at the school. The village bank, of which he was a director, gave him the names of the bankers whose cheques were forwarded every three months, and he set on foot questions which elicited the information he desired. She had no wealth of her own, but was understood to be sole heiress of something like half a million that belonged to her grandfather, who was still living. This was sufficient, and he proceeded to prosecute his suit. But he knew too well, by family experience, the danger of attempting a runaway marriage with the expectation of receiving money with his bride, and he accordingly determined to commence his negotia-

tions in person with the parents of the young lady, who were then abroad.

Steamers were just then commencing their trips, and he proceeded to France, where he had reason to anticipate a meeting with them, though they were represented to be moving from place to place.

In a small cabaret on the road from Paris to Lyons, somewhat celebrated in those days for the perfection of its *cuisine* and the elegance of its miniature arrangements, a gentleman and a lady who were travelling post had ordered dinner, and were waiting its appearance while their horses were changed.

The gentleman was about seventy years of age, tall, erect, and stately in his appearance. His hair was silvery white, and flowed over his back in large locks. His dress was purely French, so that he might readily be mistaken for a marquis of the old *régime*. Such, doubtless, the host supposed him to be, if his obsequiousness were any proof.

While they waited, a gentleman arrived, travelling in the other direction, by post also, and the old gentleman approached the window and saw him dismount from his carriage. Turning back suddenly, with a start, he exclaimed,

"Keep back, Kate; keep back!"

"Why, who is it, father?"

"It is he!"

"John?"

"Bromley."

"Strange! What can he be here for? Father, I mean to see him. Do you think he would recognise us? We are, surely, much changed, and our disguise is perfect. Mrs. — did not know us in Paris; what think you?"

"It would be curious. Perhaps it will be as well. And if he does recognise us, what is the harm after all. It will disturb our quiet for a while, and then all will run on in the old channel."

The landlord entered with a card.

"Mr. Bromley hearing that Mr. Carlton and Mrs. Carlton were at the inn, desired leave to present himself."

It was granted.

Full of his object, John Bromley never dreamed of recognizing them in their disguised appearance, and they saw that they were safe on that score. His proposition startled them, and they exchanged glances rapidly. Of course they could neither accept nor decline it now. They must have time to consider. They would be in America within a few months, when he should have their answer; meantime, he must not attempt to see her. These and sundry similar provisions enabled them to be rid of his importunity for the present, and the direction of their travel was changed, and they hastened to America.

When Bromley arrived at his home after an absence of about ninety days, he learned that a rival was in the field in the shape of his own cousin, Frederick Bromley, the son of his elder uncle, and a promising young lawyer in the county. He had already experienced the severity of his cousin's enmity in the contests he had about his ill-gotten estates, and this was the worst blow that could have been inflicted. To say truth, he had boasted over his wine that he had been successful in his foreign trip—a boast that reached the ears of his younger rival, and elicited from him a smile of contempt.

An accidental meeting, a slight service rendered, a few words exchanged, these were the incidents which commenced an acquaintance that had ripened into love, and in two months the young lady had accepted him, without thinking it necessary to refer the matter to parent or teacher.

But rumour reached the ears of John Bromley that her mother was in America, and had knowledge of this engagement and had approved it.

Just at this time had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet, he could not have been more startled than he was at an action in partition, commenced against him by Frederick Bromley on behalf of an unknown person, as grantee of Kate Cameron, of one fourth of the estate of her grandfather.

The name startled him. He had not heard it for years. He had not seen it written for more. It seemed strange that it could appear in such papers as these, so formally, so mixed up with law phrases and technical terms. He had never thought of her for years except as the young, queenly girl he had loved, and deceived, and forsaken. The old law proceedings had been discontinued when she left her home, and he had forgotten them.

His first impulse now was one of exceeding tenderness; for a moment he thought of abandoning all to her claim. Her very name had magic power at that instant, as the names of the once-loved always have, if we have left them and they have not forsaken us.

But the next moment his cool villany returned to him, and he proceeded to examine the old claim again. In his younger days, when he had loved Kate Cameron, he had thought her father's views correct, and he had intended that night, if the old judge had permitted, to tell him he believed he would be successful. He would now see whether love had warped his judgment, and whether he was not a foolish boy then. He examined the case, and became convinced that he was.

He went to the city and laid it before eminent counsel, and was advised otherwise. "The will of John Bromley, senior," said the clear and brief opinion of the ex-chancellor whom he consulted, "is manifestly void, and the property goes to his heirs-at-law."

Other counsel but confirmed this view. He could get no one in whom he had any confidence to say otherwise.

Troubles thickened around him. If this fourth of the



estate and the mesne profits were to be taken from him, as they would be, he would be bankrupt. His position, character, reputation, all were at stake, and all now rested on some successful blow to retrieve his falling fortunes. The marriage appeared most feasible; and he began to reason with himself, that if she were to marry him against her own will, her grandfather would surely not cut her off, and at length he resolved to abduct her.

His plan was adroitly laid. There was a man in the city, an old ally of his younger rascalities, who had once helped him in a somewhat similar adventure, though in that case the lady was not unwilling. Stevens had personated a clergyman then for his aid, and possibly he might now provide one who would do up a marriage in fact.

Bromley wrote him to come to see him. He came. Almost twenty years had not changed him very much. He was the same round-faced, jolly, good-natured fellow he had known, with a broad English brogue, and a broader English laugh.

When Bromley reminded him of the old scrape, his face fell. The look of contentment and happiness left it. He was silent for a moment.

"I did not think that you had sent for me to speak of that, or I should not have come, Bromley."

"Well, we will not speak of it. I want you now to help me in another way. I want to marry a woman against her will."

"I will have nothing to do with it."

"Nonsense, Stevens. You will do it. It is just this."

And he told him all the circumstances and his plan. Stevens listened, and his eyes opened wider and wider, until, when he named Emily Carlton, his eyes shut with a snap so quick they could almost have been heard. Stevens now seemed to enter fully into his plans, and they arranged the minutiae without difficulty.

The next week was fixed for the accomplishment.

On the appointed morning Stevens was to present himself at the school, as a messenger from the city with intelligence of the severe illness of Mrs. Carlton, and a request for the immediate attendance of her daughter. He was to convey her by carriage to the river, where they would take the steamer for New York, and Bromley would join them the same evening at a place to be appointed by Stevens. Everything promised success, and the clergyman whom Stevens was to furnish would perform his work, consent or no consent.

In the drawing-room of an elegant residence in the city, at about nine o'clock of a winter evening, an old gentleman sat alone, looking into a splendid fire, manifestly absorbed in deep thought.

Before him swept the shadows and shapes of nearly seventy years, and he did honour to them, more or less as they severally demanded it. Sometimes his face grew dark and clouded, sometimes it was clear and sunny, sometimes bitterly sad.

At length a lady entered. She was about forty years of age in appearance, and was still very beautiful. No girl of eighteen ever seemed more fresh in feature, more graceful in form, more winning in all her ways.

"She is here, my father."

"Let her come in, Kate, and I will tell her all."

The door opened, and Katharine Carlton entered. Her presence seemed to give new light to the room.

"Katharine, my child, come close to me. I have much to say to you to-night, and I would prepare you for a scene you have little anticipated."

She was kneeling by the old man's side, looking up into his face with trusting love.

"When I was a boy, I loved one who was marvellously like what you are now. I can see her again when I look at you. I hated her father, and I was proud of triumphing over him by winning his daughter against his stern commands. I eloped with her. Your mother was our only child. We were happy together for many years. How happy! Their memory is buried. I lost her—she died. Then I loved your mother. God visited my youthful sins on me, and in my happiest days your mother yielded to the smooth voice of a scoundrel, and left me, as her mother had before left her father. But your mother was deceived. God punished her too, and when you were two years old, and she had an infant in her arms, she was abandoned to the world and its cold cruelties."

"By the strange interposition of Providence, I found her in the hour of her utmost anguish, and took her back to my heart. God has blessed us both with many happy years since then, and we have loved you beyond all words to tell, and now I must tell you who was your father, and who..."

He was interrupted by the opening of the door, and the servant, retiring hastily, gave place to Mr. Stevens and John Bromley.

No man was ever more astonished than was the latter at seeing the grandfather of his supposed victim before him. He turned furiously to Stevens, but the next instant a flash of lightning appeared to have struck him. This was surely Mr. Carlton, the same man he had seen in France; but yet it was not the same. The red complexion of the French marquis was gone, the dress was altogether changed, and the man before him was—could he doubt it?—how did he fail to see it before?—where were his senses?—this man was Judge Cameron, the man of all others on the face of the earth he least desired to see.

It needed but one blow more.

Mrs. Carlton entered. He looked at her, and the strong man quailed before the presence of the woman he had wronged and abandoned. Had the grave opened, he

could not have been more appalled. He thought her long ago folded in its quiet embrace. He thought the seal of everlasting silence set on her testimony. But now he saw himself arraigned before the tribunal of injured innocence and offended justice.

The coolness of the villain returned after a moment's pause, and he prepared to confront his accusers.

"Thank God, John Bromley, that you have failed in your designs to-night. That sneer avails you little here. Thank God, I say, John Bromley!"

"Doubtless I have cause, since you have seen fit to interfere."

"Thank God, I say."

"And why?"

"Because he has saved you from a blacker crime than even your vile soul is yet stained with."

"What do you mean?"

"Let me answer him, father. John Bromley, if there be a hell you are destined to it; but even at this point of your career I would fain save you. I loved you once. May God be my witness, I loved you! You deserted me, deserted your children; and when your youngest child died in my arms, and I, half mad with agony, clasped it close, close to my breast, men tore it from me, and accused me of its murder. You knew all that. You thought it a glorious opportunity to be rid of your victim. You basely left me; nay, worse than that, you set the hounds of the law on the false scent; you drove them up. You thought to lose me thus. God saved me by a miracle, and I was saved. Then I hated you. No words can tell how I abhorred your memory. Years softened that, and experience taught me that this world is no place to cherish such feelings. But when I saw you again, and when I heard you renew your baseness, and seal your old villainies by offering to unite to your own vile self a young, pure girl—forgetting that I had ever existed—then I saw that God had determined on his vengeance, and I did not seek to stay it. John Bromley, that girl yonder, that child that shrinks in horror from your accursed presence, is your child!"

"My child!"

"Your daughter by your wife!"

"Say rather, madam, my daughter by my..."

A back-handed blow, slight but effectual, on his lips, drove back the foul word to the heart that originated it.

"Have a care how you bandy harsh words here, Mister Bromley."

"This from you, Stevens! Hang you, sir, what do you mean by striking me?"

"Because you chose to insult me."

"I insult you! how, pray?"

"By hinting that I did not marry you to Miss Cameron."

"I never had a doubt of it. What the d—! have you, of all men, to object to my calling her a..."

"Stop! Speak the word and I'll kill you! Curse you John Bromley, I've owed you one some time, and I've paid it now. I'll have you know I'm a priest, sir,—a priest, by Jupiter! and if you doubt, I'll begin by showing, you that I belong to the church militant anyhow. They've a trick in this State of proving a man married who only says he is, in any body's presence; but you were married body and soul, if there's any virtue in a ceremony performed by a clergyman in good and regular standing, if he does drink a little too much now and then."

The news was astounding to Bromley. He could not doubt it, and his quick mind saw at once all the bearings of his case.

"A pretty lawyer you are, Judge Cameron, to commence a suit in partition, in the name of a grantee of my wife, without my concurrence."

"Not so fast, Mr. Bromley. Your wife conveyed her rights to her father long before she eloped with you. You perhaps do not recollect that the old suit was begun in my name."

"Very well, very well; I am not wanted here. But I must beg you to excuse me if I request my daughter to accompany me home this evening. I have been deprived of her company so long, that I shall hardly be able to spare her."

"Ask her husband."

"Of course he need not ask," said Frederick Bromley, entering. "I would as soon trust her with a tiger."

"By whose sanction do you claim a right to her hand, young man? I fancy a writ of *habeas corpus* will bring some of you people to your senses."

"I fancy a marriage with the consent of a mother who has for seventeen years been sole guardian of her child, will stand against all your wits, John Bromley."

The baffled man left the house. But an officer was waiting at the door to arrest him for a dozen frauds in his transactions with his cousins, and he passed the night in as dirty a cell as the keeper of the city prison could be bribed to put him in.

It would be pleasant to end this narrative with relating the restoration of the defeated villain to a position of honour and of self-respect. But that may not be.

Ruined in fortune and character, the mercy of his tormentors never led them to forgive him in one small particular, but they exacted atonement to the uttermost of the law.

He was placed on jail limits in New York, and wandered about the streets in rags, and at length disappeared. It was at first supposed that he had run away, and the sheriff, fearful of the usual action on his bond, offered a reward for his recovery. Some boatmen won the reward by producing a miserable carcass found floating in the river, which was identified as the remains of John Bromley.

## MODESTE MIGNON.

### CHAPTER XII.

THE Breton had but just gone out when Ernest de La Brière entered his friend's cabinet. Naturally, Canalis spoke of the visit of this man from Havre.

"Ah!" said Ernest, "Modeste Mignon? I came expressly on account of this affair."

"Ah, bah!" exclaimed Canalis, "have I, then, made a conquest by deputy?"

"Oh yes!" that's the knot of the drama. My friend, I am beloved by the most charming girl in the world, beautiful enough to shine among the most beautiful in Paris, in heart and literary taste a second Clarissa Harlowe. She has seen me; I am agreeable to her; and she believes me the great Canalis! That is not all. Modeste Mignon is of high birth, and Mongenod has just told me that the father, the Count of La Bastie, must be in possession of something like six millions. This father arrived three days ago, and I have just solicited from him a two hours' interview, through Mongenod, who told him in a short message that his daughter's happiness was in question. You will understand that before introducing myself to the father I felt bound to avow all to you."

"Among the many flowers which have unfolded to the sun of fame," said Canalis emphatically, "one is found magnificent, bearing, like the orange-tree, its fruits of gold amid a thousand perfumes of intellect and beauty! an elegant shrub, a genuine affection, an entire goodness, and it has escaped me!" Canalis bent his gaze upon the carpet that his eyes might not be scrutinized. "How," he resumed after a pause during which he recovered his self-possession "how could one discern through the delicious scent of those pretty notes, through those phrases that appeal to the intellect, the true heart of a maiden with whom love assumes the livery of flattery—who loves us for ourselves, and whose love shall bring us felicity? One must be an angel or a demon to discern that, and I am only an ambitious *maitre des requêtes*. Ah, my friend! fame makes of us a bait, at which many arrows are aimed. One of us owes his rich marriage to a mechanical piece of poetry, while I—more affectionate, more agreeable to females than he—I shall have lost mine...for I suppose you love this poor girl?" he inquired turning to La Brière.

"I do!" exclaimed the latter.

"Well, then," said the poet, taking his friend's arm and leaning upon it, "be happy, Ernest! By accident, I shall not have been ungrateful to you! You are richly recompensed for your devotion, for I shall lend myself generously to your happiness."

Canalis was enraged; but he could not well act otherwise, and therefore he made the best of his misfortune by building himself a pedestal. A tear moistened the eyes of the young referendary: he cast himself into Canalis's arms, and embraced him.

"Ah, Canalis! I never knew you rightly before!"

"Very likely! It requires time to make a voyage round the world!" replied the poet, with his emphatic irony.

"Have you considered the immense fortune?" said La Brière.

"Well, my friend, will it not be well applied?" exclaimed Canalis, accompanying his utterance with a charming gesture.

"Melchior," said La Brière, "we are friends for life and death!"

He clasped the poet's hands, and left him abruptly, for it was time to present himself to Monsieur Mignon.

At this moment the Count of La Bastie was overwhelmed by all those griefs that had seized upon his heart like hounds upon their prey. He had learnt, by his daughter's letter, the death of Bettina-Caroline, the blindness of his wife, and Dumay had just related to him the terrible embroglio of Modeste's amours.

"Let me be alone!" said he to his faithful friend.

When the lieutenant had closed the door, the unhappy father threw himself upon a sofa, and remained there with his face buried in his hands, weeping those rare, scanty tears, which tremble in the eyes of men fifty-six, without issuing from the lids—tears that moisten the eyes only to dry up quickly, and presently reappear—one of the last dews of the human autumn.

"To have beloved children, to have an idolized wife, is but to make oneself several hearts, and expose them to daggers!" he exclaimed, springing up with a tiger-like bound, and beginning to pace the room.

"To be a father is to deliver oneself, bound foot and hand, to misfortune. If I meet this d'Estourmy, I will kill him! Who would have daughters? One puts her hand upon a sharper, and the other, my Modeste, upon what?—upon a craven who deceives her under the gilt armour of a poet. If it were this Canalis after all! That would not be so bad. But an amorous impostor—I will strangle him with my hands!" said he, involuntarily making a fierce gesture in accord with his words.

"And afterwards?" he muttered to himself, "if my child dies of grief!"

He looked mechanically from the window of the hotel, and presently returned to his seat upon the sofa, where he remained immovable. The fatigues of six voyages to India, the anxieties of his speculations, the dangers undergone and avoided, his grief, had silvered the hair of Charles Mignon. His fine military countenance, so regular in its contour, was bronzed by the sun of the Indian Archipelago, of China, and of Asia Minor; it had assumed an imposing character which grief at this moment rendered sublime.



"And Mongenod," he mused, "tells me to have confidence in this young man who comes to speak with me concerning my daughter..."

Ernest de la Brière was here announced by one of the servants whom the Count of La Bastie had attached to himself for these four years, and whom he had chosen from among his crew.

"Are you, monsieur, the gentleman whom my friend Mongenod has mentioned to me?" said the count.

"Yes," replied Ernest, contemplating timidly that face sombre as Othello's. "My name is Ernest de La Brière; I am allied, monsieur, to the family of the late prime minister, and was his private secretary during his administration. At his fall, his excellency placed me in the Cour des Comptes, where I am a referendary of the first class, and may soon be Maître des Comptes..."

"And what has all this to do with Mademoiselle de La Bastie?" demanded Charles Mignon.

"Monsieur, I love her, and I have the unhopd-for happiness of being beloved by her. Listen to me, monsieur," said Ernest, checking a fierce movement of the irritated father; "I have the strangest confession to make to you, and one most discreditible to a man of honour. The most severe punishment of my conduct is not the avowal of it I have to make to you—I fear the daughter more than the father."

Ernest related frankly, and with the nobility which sincerity furnishes, the first scenes of this little domestic drama, without omitting the twenty and odd letters, which he had brought with him, or his recent interview with Canalis. When the father had finished reading these letters, the poor lover, pale and suppliant, trembled beneath the fiery looks cast upon him by the Provençal.

"Monsieur," said Charles, "there is nothing in all this but an error, but it is an irreparable one. My daughter does not possess six millions; she has at most two hundred thousand francs for her dower, and very doubtful expectations."

"Ah, monsieur!" said Ernest, raising himself erect, and seizing Charles Mignon's hand, "you have lifted the weight which has oppressed my heart! nothing, it may be, will now stand in the way of my happiness! I have patrons—I shall be Maître des Comptes. If she had only ten thousand francs, or no dower at all, Mademoiselle Modeste should be my wife; and to render her happy, as you have made yours—to be to you a true son—(yes, monsieur, I have lost my own father)—would be the sole aim of my life."

Charles Mignon recoiled three paces, fixing upon La Brière a look which penetrated the eyes of the young man as a poniard does its sheath, and remained silent as he recognised the fullest candour, the purest truth, in that open countenance, those languishing eyes. "Has fate tired itself out, then?" he murmured to himself; "and shall I find in this youth the pearl of son-in-laws?" And with that he walked agitatedly about the room.

"Monsieur," said Charles Mignon at length, "you owe absolute submission to the sentence you have come to seek; for otherwise you would at this moment be playing a comedy."

"Oh, monsieur!"

"Listen to me," said the father, fixing La Brière in his attitude by a glance; "I shall not be severe, nor hard, nor unjust. You must expect to experience both the inconveniences and the advantages of the false position in which you have placed yourself. My daughter supposes herself in love with one of the greatest poets of this epoch, whose fame, more than anything else, has seduced her. Well! should not I, her father, give her the opportunity of choosing between the celebrity who has been as a beacon to her, and the poor reality which chance offers by one of those practical jokes in which men's actions often unwittingly result? Is it not necessary that she should choose between Canalis and you? I count upon your honour to be silent upon what I have just told you respecting the state of my affairs. You and your friend the Baron de Canalis will come to Havre to pass the last half of this present month of October. My house will be open to you both; my daughter will have leisure to observe you. Understand, I require of you to bring your rival yourself, and let him believe all the fabulous reports concerning the millions of the Count of La Bastie. I shall be in Havre to-morrow, and three days after my arrival I shall expect to see you. Adieu, monsieur!"

Poor La Brière returned to Canalis at a very slow pace. At this moment, alone with himself, the poet could abandon himself to the torrent of thoughts which that second impulse, so vaunted by Prince Talleyrand, had caused to gush forth. The first impulse is the voice of nature, and the second is the voice of society.

"A girl with six millions of francs, and my eyes have not been able to distinguish this gold across the darkness! With so considerable a fortune, I should be a peer of France, a count, an ambassador. I have replied to shopkeepers' daughters, to silly creatures, to women who were scheming for an autograph! and I grew tired of these intrigues behind a mask precisely on that day when Heaven sent me a chosen soul, an angel with golden wings! Bah! I was going to write a sublime poem, and this accident crops up to disturb me! But this foolish little La Brière, who has been strutting in my plumes, is happy! What plagiary! I am the model—he will be the statue! We have played the fable of 'Bertrand et Raton.' Six millions and an angel—a Mignon of La Bastie!—an aristocratic angel who loves poetry and the poet. And I have been showing off a strong man's muscles, performing Alcidian exercises to astonish with

moral strength that champion of physical force, that brave soldier so full of heart, the friend of this young girl, to whom he will describe me as a soul of bronze! I have been playing the Napoleon, when I ought to have shown myself as a seraph! Finally, I shall have a friend perhaps; I shall have paid dearly for him; but friendship is such a fine thing! Six millions—there's the price of a friend! One couldn't afford to have many at such a price..."

La Brière entered his friend's study just as this last exclamation was muttered. He was looking sad.

"Well! what is the matter?" inquired Canalis.

"The father requires that his daughter should have the opportunity of judging between the two Canalis."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed the poet, smiling. "This father must be a man of considerable wit."

"I am engaged in honour to take you down to Havre," said La Brière piteously.

"My dear boy," replied Canalis, "directly your honour is in question you can count upon me. I'll go and ask leave of absence for a month."

"Ah! Modeste is very beautiful!" exclaimed La Brière, in despair, "and you will supplant me easily. I was very much astonished to find happiness coming to my share, and I thought to myself it was a mistake that would soon be rectified."

"Bah! we shall see!" said Canalis with cruel gaiety. In the evening, after dinner, Charles Mignon and his cashier posted from Paris for Havre. The father had entirely reassured the watch-dog touching Modeste's amour, relieved him from his guard, and undecieved him with regard to Butscha.

"All is for the best, my old friend," said Charles, who had made inquiries of Mongenod concerning both Canalis and La Brière. "We are going to have two actors for one character!" he exclaimed gaily.

He nevertheless enjoined absolute silence upon his comrade respecting the comedy which was to be played at the Chalet—the mildest of revenges, or, if you prefer it, a father's lessons to his daughter. From Paris to Havre the time was occupied by the two friends in a long chat, which rendered the colonel cognizant of the slightest incidents that had occurred in his family during the past four years, and Charles informed Dumay that Desplein, the great surgeon, was to come before the end of the month to examine his wife's cataract, in order to pronounce whether it was possible to restore her sight.

Just before breakfast-hour at the Chalet, the cracking whip of a postilion, who reckoned on a large gratuity, announced the return of the two soldiers to their families. Only the joy of a father returning after a long absence could occasion these urgent applications of the lash; thus the women were all at the door. There are so many fathers, so many children, and perhaps more fathers than children, to comprehend the intoxication of such a festival, that, happily, literature has never had need to paint it; for the very choicest words, even poetry, is beneath such emotions. The gentler emotions come very little within the province of authorship. Not a word that might disturb the joy of the Mignon family was pronounced that day. There was a truce between the father, the mother, and the daughter, with respect to the so-called mysterious amour of Modeste, which had paled her cheek when she first rose. The colonel, with the admirable delicacy that distinguishes true soldiers, remained constantly by the side of his wife, whose hand never quitted his, and he gazed upon Modeste without tiring in his contemplation of her fine, elegant, poetic beauty. Is it not by these little things that men of heart are recognised? Modeste, who feared to disturb the melancholy joy of her father and mother, went, every now and then, to kiss the brow of the traveller, and she kissed him the oftener and the more fervently as if to recompense him for the lost affection of his dead daughter.

"Oh! my dear little one! I understand you!" said the colonel, clasping Modeste's hand at a moment when she was renewing her demonstrations of love.

"Hush!" whispered Modeste in his ear, pointing towards her mother.

The somewhat significant silence of Dumay rendered Modeste anxious concerning the result of his journey to Paris. She stole a glance occasionally at the lieutenant, without being able to penetrate beyond the thick epidermis of his reserve. The father, as a prudent parent, wished to study the character of his only daughter, and, above all, to consult his wife, before having a conference upon which depended the happiness of all the family.

"To-morrow, my darling child," said he in the evening, "rise early: we will go for a walk on the sea-shore, if the weather is fine. We have to talk about your poems, Mademoiselle de La Bastie."

This sentence, accompanied by a paternal smile, which re-appeared like an echo upon Dumay's lips, contained all the knowledge Modeste could obtain; but it was enough both to soothe her anxiety and to keep her from sleeping till a late hour, so many were the suppositions she made.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

In the morning Modeste was dressed and ready before the colonel.

"You know all, my kind father," she said, as soon as she found herself on the road beside the sea.

"I know all, and also many things that you do not know," he replied.

Upon this, the father and the daughter took a few steps in silence.

"Explain to me, my child, how a daughter adored by her mother has been capable of taking such a grave false

step as to write to an unknown person, without consulting her?"

"Why, papa, because mamma would not have permitted it."

"Do you think you have acted rationally, my daughter? If your reading has given you knowledge enough to adopt such a course, how is it that your reason or pride, in default of modesty, has not also taught you that to act thus is to throw yourself into a man's arms? Can my daughter, my one only child, be without pride or delicacy? Oh, Modeste! you have caused your father to pass two hours of infernal torment in Paris; for, in short, you have adopted morally the same course as Bettina, without having the excuse of a tempter. You have coquetted in your cool moments, and such coquetry is the love of the head, the most terrible vice of the French."

"I, without pride!" said Modeste, weeping; "but he has never seen me yet!"

"He knows your name."

"I only told it to him at the moment when my eyes confirmed the impressions of three months' correspondence, during which our souls conversed together."

"Yes, my dear erring angel, you have grafted a kind of rationality upon a folly which was compromising your own happiness and your family."

"Well! after all, papa, happiness is the absolution of this temerity," said she, with an effort at sprightliness.

"Ah! is it only temerity, then?" exclaimed the father.

"A temerity that my mother permitted herself," she replied sharply.

"Mutinuous child! your mother, after having seen me at a ball, said during the evening to her father, who adored her, that she thought she was destined to be happy with me. Be frank, Modeste; is there any similitude between a love conceived rapidly, it is true, but under the eyes of a father, and the foolish proceeding of writing to an unknown person?"

"Unknown!—what, papa! one of our greatest poets, whose character and life are exposed to the open day, to detraction, to calumny—a man invested with fame, and for whom, my dear father, I have remained as it were a dramatic and literary personage only, like one of Shakespeare's maidens, up to the moment when I wished to know if the personal appearance of the man corresponded to the beauty of his mind."

"Good Heavens! my poor child, you are making poetry à propos of marriage. But if at all times girls have been secluded in the heart of their families—if Heaven and the social law has placed them under the severe yoke of parental consent, it is precisely to spare them all the miseries of these poems that charm you, that dazzle you, and prevent you appreciating them at their just value. Poetry is one of the pleasures of life, it is not the whole of life."

"Papa, that is a cause still pendant before the tribunal of facts, for there is a continual contest between our hearts and our families."

"And wretched the child who would be happy by this resistance!" said the colonel gravely. "In 1813 I saw one of my companions, the Marquis d'Aiglemont, marry his cousin against her father's consent, and that household paid dearly for the obstinacy which a young girl took for love. Family in this matter is sovereign."

"My betrothed has told me all that," she replied. "He made himself a sage Mentor for some time, and he had the courage to paint the personal character of poets in very black colours."

"I have read your letters," said Charles Mignon, letting a slight smile escape him, which disturbed Modeste; "but on this point, I ought to observe to you that your last was scarcely permissible to a woman making even a pretence to modesty or delicacy! My God, how romances warp our minds!"

"Even if they did not write them, my dear father, we should act them; it is better to read them. There are fewer adventures in these days than at the time of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., when not so many romances were published. Besides, if you have read the letters, you must have seen that I have found you for a son-in-law one imbued with filial respect, the most angelic soul, the most scrupulous integrity, and that we love each other at least as well as you and my mother do. Well! I will confess that all has not happened exactly according to etiquette: I have committed a fault, if you choose..."

"I have read your letters," repeated the father, interrupting his daughter; "therefore I know how he has justified you in your own eyes for a false step which might be venial in a woman who knows life and is led away by passion, but which is a monstrous fault in a young girl of twenty."

"A fault for shopkeepers, for formal Gobenheims, who measure life with a square. Let us not go out of the artistic and poetic world, papa. Some girls of my class have the alternative of two systems—either to let a man see that we love him by affected coquetry, or to go frankly to him. Is not this latter plan greatest and noblest? Other French girls are delivered by their families like bales of merchandise, at three months, and sometimes at the end of the current month, like Mademoiselle Vilquin; but in England, in Switzerland, in Germany, people get married very nearly after the fashion that I have adopted. What can you reply to that? Am I not something of a German?"

"My child!" exclaimed the colonel, regarding his daughter, "the superiority of France arises from her good sense, from the logic to which her fine language condemns the mind that employs it; she is the reason of the world! England and Germany are romantic in re-



gard to this point of their manners; and yet the high families of those countries follow our own laws. You are not willing to think, then, that your relatives, who know life well, have charge of your souls and your happiness, in order to guard you from striking upon sunken reefs! Good Heaven!" he continued, "is it their fault, or is it ours? Is it right to keep one's children under a yoke of iron? Ought we to be punished for that affection which causes us to strive to render them happy—which, to our sorrow, makes them a part of our heart?"

Modeste looked at her father from the corner of her eye, as she heard this species of invocation, spoken in a voice husky with emotion.

"Is it a fault, for a young girl heart-free, to choose for her husband not only a charming young man, but a man besides, noble, and occupying a good position—a gentleman mild as I am?" she said.

"You love him?" inquired the father.

"Look you, father," said she, leaning her head upon the colonel's breast, "if you do not wish to see me die..."

"Enough," said the old soldier, "your love, I see, is irrevocable?"

"Irrevocable!"

"Nothing can change it?"

"Nothing in the world!"

"You cannot suppose any event, any treachery," replied the colonel: "you love him without reservation on account of his personal charms; and if he were a d'Estourmy, you would love him still?"

"Oh, father! you do not know your daughter. Could I love a recreant—a man without truth, without honour—a criminal?"

"And if you have been deceived?"

"By that charming youth, with the almost melancholic countenance? You are quizzing me, or you have not seen him."

"In short, it is fortunate that your love is not absolute, as you declared it to be. I will bring some circumstances to your notice that will make you modify your poem. Well! do you understand that fathers are useful for some things?"

"You wish to give a lesson to your child, papa. This touches upon the humorous."

"Poor misguided child!" replied the father seriously, "the lesson does not come from me; I have nothing to do with it, except to soften the blow."

"Enough, father; do not trifle with my life," said Modeste, growing pale.

"Come, my daughter, collect your courage. It is you who have trifled with life, and life has trifled with you." Modeste looked at her father with a stupefied air.

"Now, suppose this young man that you love, and that you saw in the church at Havre four days ago, was a wretch..."

"It cannot be!" said she: "those brown curls, that pale brow, that noble face full of poetry..."

"Is a falsehood," said the colonel, interrupting his daughter. "He is no more Canalis than I am that fisherman who is hoisting his sail to leave the harbour."

"Do you know what you are killing in me?" she said.

"Reassure yourself, my child: if fate has put your punishment in your fault itself, the evil is not irreparable. The young man that you have seen, with whom you have exchanged your heart by correspondence, is a loyal fellow. He came to me to avow his embarrassment; he loves you, and I would not refuse him for a son-in-law."

"If it is not Canalis, who is it then?" said Modeste, in a voice scarcely recognisable as her own.

"His secretary! His name is Ernest de La Brière. He is not a man of lofty descent; but he is one of those ordinary men, with positive virtues and sure morality, who are acceptable to parents. Besides, what has that to do with the question? You have seen him; nothing can change your heart; you have chosen him; you know his mind, which is as fine as he is a pretty fellow..."

The Count of La Bastie was arrested in his speech by a sigh from Modeste. The poor girl, pale, her eyes fixed on the sea, rigid as a corpse, was struck as by a pistol-shot by those words—"He is one of those ordinary men, with positive virtues and sure morality, who are acceptable to parents."

"Deceived!" she said at last.

"Like your poor sister, but less seriously."

"Let us return, father," said she, rising from the hillock upon which both had seated themselves. "Mark me, father, I swear before God to follow your will, whatever it may be, in the affair of my marriage."

"You love no longer, then?" said the father in a rallying tone.

"I loved a true man, without falsehood on his brow, honest as you are, incapable of disguising himself like an actor, of painting his cheeks with another person's fame."

"You said that nothing could make you change," said the colonel ironically.

"Oh, do not trifle with me!" said she, clasping her hands, and looking up to her father with painful earnestness: "you do not know that you wound my heart and my dearest beliefs with your pleasanties."

"God keep me from doing so! I have told you the exact truth."

"You are very kind to me, father," she replied after a short pause, and with a kind of solemnity.

"And he has your letters!" resumed Charles Mignon. "Eh? Suppose those foolish caresses of your soul had fallen into the hands of those poets who, according to Dumay, light their cigars with them!"

"Oh, you are going too far!"

"Canalis told him so."

"He has seen Canalis, then?"

"Yes," replied the colonel.

They walked together in silence some time.

"Now, I see why this gentleman," resumed Modeste, "spoke to me so ill of poetry and poets! Why this little secretary spoke of—But," said she, interrupting herself. "are not his virtues, his qualities, his fine sentiments, an epistolary costume? He who steals a man's glory and his name might easily..."

"Pick a pocket—break into a house—murder on the highway!" exclaimed Charles Mignon, smiling. "Now you see what you are, you young ladies with your absolute sentiments and your ignorance of life! A man capable of deceiving a woman has necessarily come down from the scaffold or ought to ascend it."

This railery arrested Modeste's effervescence, and silence prevailed for some time.

"My child," resumed the colonel, "men in society, following the order of nature, are privileged to attempt the conquest of your hearts, and it is your duty to defend yourselves. You have inverted the characters: is that well? All is false in a false position. You were wrong in the first place. No; a man is not a monster when he endeavours to make himself agreeable to a woman, and our natural right makes aggression permissible to us with all its consequences, saving always baseness or crime. A man may have virtues still after having deceived a woman, which often means, to speak plainly, that he has not recognised in her the treasures that he sought; but only a queen, an actress, or a woman placed so far above a man that she becomes as a queen to him, can make advances to a man without incurring great reprobation. But a young girl! she falsifies then all that Heaven has made to flourish in her of holy, beautiful, or great, with whatever grace, whatever poetry, whatever precautions she surrounds her fault."

"To seek the master, and find the servant! To have played over again *Les Jours de l'Amour et du Hasard* on my own side only—oh, I shall never be able to lift up my head again!"

"Folly! Monsieur Ernest de La Brière is, in my view, a person at least equal to Monsieur le Baron de Canalis. He has been private secretary to a minister; he is a referendary counsellor at the Cour des Comptes; he adores you; but he does not compose verses. No; I grant you he is not a poet; but he may have his heart full of poetry. In short, my dear child," said he, as Modeste made a gesture of displeasure, "the false is the true Canalis."

"Oh, papa!"

"Have you not sworn to obey me in all things, in regard to the affair of your marriage? Well! you can choose between them, and accept him that is agreeable to you for a husband. You have begun with a poem; you will finish with a bucolic in endeavouring to discern the true character of these gentlemen in certain rural adventures, such as the chase or fishing!"

#### CHAPTER XIV.

MODESTE bowed her head; she returned to the Chalet with her father, listening to him, and replying only by monosyllables. She had fallen into the depth of the mire, humiliated, from that alp up which she had imagined herself soaring even to the nest of an eagle. To employ the poetic expressions of an author of the day: "After having felt the soles of her feet too tender to travel over the rugged stones in the road of reality, fancy, which in this frail breast united all the qualities of a woman, from the violet-studded dreams of the modest maiden to the wild passion of the depraved, had led her into the midst of her enchanted gardens, where, to her bitter surprise, she beheld, instead of her sublime flower, rising from the earth the hairy and distorted limbs of the black mandragora." From the mystic heights of her love, Modeste found herself upon a dull, level path, bordered by ditches and labour—in short, upon the road paved with commonplaces! What girl with an ardent soul would not have been wounded by such a fall? At whose feet, then, had she poured out the treasures of her soul? The Modeste that returned to the Chalet no more resembled the Modeste that left it two hours before than the actress in the street resembles the heroine upon the stage. She sank into an apathy painful to see. The sun was obscure; nature was veiled; the flowers said nothing to her now. Like all girls with extreme characters, she drank a few draughts in excess at the cup of disenchantment. She struggled with reality, without being yet willing to tender her neck to the yoke of family and society; she found it heavy, hard, irksome! She did not listen even to the consolations of her father and mother; she experienced an inexpressible savage delight in abandoning herself to her mental sufferings.

"Poor Butscha," she said one evening, "was right after all!"

This sentence shows the path she had taken within a little while on the arid plains of the real, conducted by a sorrowful sadness. The sadness engendered by the overturning of all our hopes is a malady, and often proves fatal. It would not be one of the most trifling occupations of practical physiology to inquire in what way, by what means, a thought has the effect of producing the same disorganization as a poison: how despair takes away the appetite, destroys the pylorus, and changes all the conditions of the strongest life. Thus it was with Modeste. In three days she presented an appearance of morbid melancholy; she sang no longer, and they could not force a smile from her. She frightened her parents and her

friends. Charles Mignon, anxious at the non-appearance of the two friends, was thinking of going in search of them; but on the fourth day Monsieur Latournelle had tidings of them, in the following manner.

Canalis, extremely allured by the prospect of so wealthy a marriage, would leave no stone unturned to carry off the prize from La Brière, without giving the latter occasion to reproach him for violating the laws of friendship. The poet thought that nothing would lower a lover in a girl's estimation so much as to exhibit him in a subordinate position, and he proposed to La Brière, in the simplest manner, to live together, and to take a small country house at Ingouville, where they could both reside under the pretext of ill health. When once La Brière had consented to this proposal, in which he at first perceived nothing but what was very natural, Canalis resolved to take his friend with him gratuitously, and charged himself with all the preparations for the journey. He sent his valet de chambre to Havre, and directed him to apply to Monsieur Latournelle concerning the taking of a house at Ingouville, thinking that the notary would be sure to gossip over the matter with the Mignons.

Ernest and Canalis, as may readily be presumed, had talked over the circumstances of this adventure, and the prolix La Brière had given a thousand bits of information to his rival. The valet, perfectly understanding the intentions of his master, fulfilled them marvellously well. He trumpeted abroad the approaching arrival at Havre of the great poet, for whom his medical advisers had ordered sea-bathing to restore his strength, exhausted in the double labours of politics and literature. This great personage would require a house of at least so many apartments, because he would bring his secretary, a cook, two servants, and a coachman, without counting Monsieur Germain Bonnet, his valet de chambre. The carriage chosen by the poet, and hired for a month, was so pretty that it would be useful for a few drives: therefore Germain sought to hire in the environs of Havre a pair of horses for harness and saddle, as Monsieur le Baron and his secretary were fond of equestrian exercise. Before little Latournelle, Germain, in visiting the houses to let, took care to lower "the secretary" in the eyes of his companion while seeming to elevate him, and he refused two residences on the plea that Monsieur La Brière could not be comfortably lodged in them. "Monsieur le Baron," said he, "has made his best friend of his secretary. Ah! I should have a pretty scolding if Monsieur de La Brière were not treated as Monsieur le Baron himself! And, after all, Monsieur de La Brière is a referendary at the Cour des Comptes."

Germain never appeared dressed in anything but black cloth, with neat gloves on his hands, and the boots and ceteras of a man of fashion. You may judge of the effect he produced, and of the idea conceived of the great poet from this specimen. The valet of a man of wit ends by acquiring wit, for he becomes infected with his master's disposition in course of time. Germain did not overdo his part: he was simple, and he was an honest fellow, according to Canalis's recommendation. Poor La Brière did not suspect the harm that Germain was doing him, or the depreciation to which he had consented; for, from the inferior spheres, some echoes of the public rumour reached Modeste. Thus, Canalis was going to bring his friend in his suite, in his carriage, and Ernest's character did not permit him to recognise the fulsomeness of his position in time to remedy it. The delay which annoyed Charles Mignon resulted from the painting of the arms of Canalis on the panels of the carriage and various commissions to the tailor, for the poet perfectly comprehended the immense world of such details, the slightest of which influences a young girl.

"Make yourself easy," said Latournelle to Charles Mignon on the fifth day; "Monsieur Canalis's valet has finished his business this morning. He has taken the pavillion of Madame Amaury at Sanvic, completely furnished, for seven hundred francs, and he has written to his master that he can start, as he will find all ready on his arrival. Therefore these gentlemen will be here on Sunday. I have likewise received this letter from Butscha. I will read it—it is not long:—'My dear master, I cannot return from here before Sunday. I have in the interim to obtain some very important information, concerning the happiness of a person in whom you are interested.'"

The announcement of the arrival of these two persons did not diminish Modeste's sadness. The sense of her fall and her confusion were yet strong upon her, and she was not such a coquette as her father thought. There is a charming coquetry permissible—that of the mind, and which may be called the courtesy of love. Now, Charles Mignon, in rebuking his daughter, had not distinguished between the desire to please and the love of the head—between the thirst for love and calculation. Like a true colonel of the Empire, he had seen in this correspondence, rapidly perused, a girl throwing herself into the arms of a poet; but in the letters suppressed to avoid tediousness a connoisseur would have admired the modest—and graceful reserve that Modeste had quickly substituted for the light and aggressive tone of her first letters, by a transition very natural to a woman. The father was cruelly right upon one point. It was the last letter, in which Modeste, seized with a three-fold love, had spoken as if the marriage had been already concluded, that caused her shame: therefore she thought her father very harsh, very cruel, to compel her to receive a man unworthy of her, to whom her soul had been laid bare. She had questioned Dumay concerning his interview with the poet; she had dexterously caused him to relate the small-



est details, and she did not think Canalis such a barbarian as the lieutenant declared him to be. She smiled at that pretty papal casket which contained the letters of a thousand-and-one fair correspondents of this Don Juan of literature. She was several times tempted to say to her father—"I am not the only one who has written to him, for the highest ladies send their epistolary homage to the laurel crown of the poet."

Modeste's character underwent a transformation during this week. This catastrophe, and it was a great one with so poetic a nature, aroused the acuteness and mischievousness latent in the breast of this young girl, in whom her suitors were about to find a redoubtable opponent. In fact, with a young female, when the heart cools down, the head becomes sanguine; she observes everything then with a certain rapidity of judgment—with a tone of pleasantry which Shakespeare has very admirably depicted in the character of Beatrice in *Much Ado about Nothing*. Modeste was seized with a profound distaste for men, having found the most distinguished disappointed her expectations. In love, what a woman takes for disgust is simply seeing things in their proper light; but, in a matter of sentiment, she never, especially a young girl, acquires an absolute perception of truth. If she does not admire, she contemns. Now, after having experienced indescribable pain of mind, Modeste necessarily came to invest herself in that armour upon which, as she had said, was written the word *contempt*. From this time she could look on as a disinterested person at what she called the comedy of "The Suitors," although she played the character of the heroine. She proposed to herself, above all, to humiliate Monsieur de La Brière continually.

"Modeste is saved," said Madame Mignon to her husband, with a smile. "She wishes to revenge herself upon the false Canalis by trying to love the true."

Such, in fact, was Modeste's plan. It was so vulgar, that her mother, to whom she confided her grief and annoyance, advised her to distinguish Monsieur de La Brière with the frankest kindness.

"These two lads," said Madame Latournelle on the Saturday evening, "will little suspect what a number of spies will be tracking their steps, for there will be eight of us upon the watch."

"What do you say—two, my dear?" exclaimed little Latournelle. "Gobenheim has not come yet, so I can speak."

Modeste raised her head, and all present, imitating Modeste, looked towards the little notary.

"A third lover—yes, a third," he continued, "has entered the ranks."

"Ah, bah!" said Charles Mignon.

"The person I allude to," resumed the notary pompously, "is no other than his grace the Duke of Hérouville, Marquis of Saint-Sever, Duke of Nivron, Count of Bayeux, Viscount d'Essigny, grand equerry and peer of France, Knight of the Order of the Spur and the Golden Fleece, Grandee of Spain, and son of the last governor of Normandy. He has seen Modeste during his visit to the Vilquins, and he regretted then, says his notary, who arrived from Bayeux yesterday, that she was not rich enough for him, for his father recovered on his return to France only his chateau of Hérouville, ornamented with a sister. The young duke is thirty-three years old. I am positively charged to make overtures to you, Monsieur le Comte," said the notary, turning respectfully towards the colonel.

"Ask Modeste," replied the father, "whether she wishes to have another bird in her aviary; for, as far as I am concerned, I consent that the noble grand equerry shall pay his addresses to her."

(To be continued.)

## Life Sketches.

### AN AMATI.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.]

"The harp has grown silent,  
The chords are in twain" . . .

SOME artists shine upon us as do suns; some resemble the tranquil stars; while others glide along restless and unceasing as does a will-o'-the-wisp. Their peculiar natures fascinate you; you follow their wanderings and their mad life with a mixture of interest and dread; but at their sudden extinction you remain with a feeling similar to that of a child who, after having been told a ghost-story, is left in the dark.

I am about to relate the history of one of these most singular artists.

In the year 1750, Podiebrad, in Bohemia, was inhabited by a handsome, powerful set of men, whose forms were redolent of fire and life; but the handsomest and stateliest of them all was indisputably Franz Joseph Anderle, the only son of a rich brewer. When he knelt in the little church on Sundays, dressed in his dark green velvet doublet, with its shining silver buttons, his red waistcoat, his black velvet knee-breeches, his carelessly-tied cravat, and his head (whose dark, clustering curls showed to advantage the purity of his profile and the soft outline of his mouth and chin) slightly elevated, then no young girl could recite her Ave with tranquillity and fervent devotion. There lay upon the young man's brow a something quite bewitching. His blue eye would often rest upon the peaceful countenance of the Mother, yet seldom did they bear a gentle and pious expression; a light often flashed from them, a longing, a wild desire, for

which the young man's heart knew no name. It was the restless striving which is known only to those strangely-organized beings who are said to possess artistic natures. Although neither Franz Joseph Anderle nor those around him suspected it, there lived within him a deep passion for music—a passion which made the pleasures of youth and all intercourse with men irksome to him. A little violin that his mother had brought him from Prague, was the confidant of his musical emotions; it was his friend, his joy, his all. When he received it, he crept into the farthest corner of the room, and endeavoured to entice tones from it; he could not be separated from it; he essayed and practised until he could play a few melodies correctly. He would run after every band of musicians that passed, forgetting food and drink, and several times was brought home half-dead from exhaustion. His father, the rich brewer, was very impatient and angry at this fancy of his son's, which "yielded nothing"; his mother, on the contrary, a genuine singing child of Bohemia, was made very happy by observing the development of his talent. To have a teacher of the violin for the boy was not to be thought of; his father would allow no regular instruction. He made his son work constantly; "that is the method to drive away such whims," he used to say. It is true that during the day Joseph obeyed him, without murmuring; but when night came, and his parents believed him sleeping, he was out in the woods playing upon his violin until his arm had almost become paralyzed. In the winter-time he would conceal himself in the barn; neither cold nor storms prevented his practising.

Thus years had passed? Joseph had often entreated his father, with tears in his eyes, for permission to devote himself entirely to art, but the old man was inflexible. The young man would often say: "Let me go out into the world with my violin; I will beg my way, I will find a teacher and become famous." His father would grow so angry at such speeches, that Joseph gradually learned to bury his wishes in the inmost recesses of his breast.

One evening in August, it happened that the young man had slipped out, as usual, with his violin, with the intention of hastening to his beloved wood. It was a remarkably clear beautiful moonlight night, and Joseph involuntarily walked slower, and lost himself in contemplation. A true musical heart is ever susceptible to the charms of nature. The distant blue mountains were bathed in moonlight, and seemed to draw nearer in order to show their perfumed beauty; the immense pond—which, according to tradition, was unfathomable—trembled slightly beneath the beautiful veil of light that concealed its depth; the old trees rustled slightly; the elves seemed to be stirring amid the flowers in the gardens; and a freshness, a perfume, was wafted from the forest, rich enough to strengthen a poor, suffering heart and to recall it to the joys of life. Suddenly Joseph started, paused, and listened. The tones of a violin sounded from out a little, isolated house situated near to the wood. The hut had been until now uninhabited. Whence came these sounds? And what tones! Tones such as Joseph had heard only in his dreams—rich, warm, melting, ravishing—his ideal—such as could come only from an Amati. The invisible violinist was playing a popular melody; his performance was simple and quiet, but his bowing betrayed a practised player.

When the piece was concluded, Joseph rushed towards the house; a storm of conflicting sensations swept over his soul. Through the open window he beheld an old man seated by a table, upon which stood a lighted lamp, and in his arms rested the violin which possessed such magical power. The old man's features plainly showed the Israelite; the sad, sharp profile, the receding forehead, the clear, restless eye, the long, white beard, the flowing hair, and the gentle mouth, produced a pleasant impression. His dress consisted of a long, grey robe, girded across the hips with a black cord. By the window, so that the moonlight fell full upon her, was seated a young girl, about eighteen years old, the daughter of the Jew. Her hands lay dreamily folded in her lap; her rich black hair was twisted in a knot upon the back of her head, and her face showed the richest type of Oriental beauty. She was a true daughter of Judea—pale, slightly bent, as though burdened with invisible chains, and with the deep melancholy expression of those who sat by the waters of Babylon and wept.

"Forgive my abrupt entrance—but the violin has irresistibly attracted me. Whence comes its magical tone? Oh, teach me your secret!"

With these hasty words, Joseph Anderle appeared before the father and daughter. The old man sprang up and instinctively clasped his violin more tightly; Leah stared at the young man, half terrified, half enchanted. How handsome he looked in his excitement!

"I beg you to have pity upon me, and to give me instruction. I am rich, and will pay you whatever you may demand."

"I have been living here but three days, and desired to rest from my wandering life; I wished neither to instruct nor to play. Yet, as you express so great a desire to learn, I will gladly teach you the little that I know."

"Shall I learn to produce such tones upon the violin as you have just done?"

"I scarcely think so, young man; for my violin is almost a prodigy. It is a genuine Amati."

Joseph contemplated the apparently insignificant violin with looks of reverence and longing. So this was an Amati! He had so often heard of these precious instruments!

\* A violin from the manufactory of the Amati family, at Cremona, in the latter part of the sixteenth century.

"Are there no more such violins to be had?" he inquired, after a pause.

"There are still many Amatis, but none like this; my violin was blessed by a dying man!"

The young man, sighing deeply, related in a few words the story of his musical studies. After some parley between the two men, it was settled that Joseph should come there every evening and take lessons by stealth. Fortunately, Joseph, being the son of a rich man, had considerable pocket-money, for the expenditure of which he was only obliged to account to his mother. The lessons were to be paid for with this. The young man hurried away with a hasty greeting, but not towards his home—his heart was too full; he must visit his dear forest! He threw himself upon the grass, wild with joy, and dreamed until morning. Of what did he dream? Of the Jewess's wondrously beautiful eyes? Ah, no! Of the enchanting Amati. He had scarcely glanced at the young girl.

The old Jew Isaac was a wild natural virtuoso of considerable talent. He had led a strolling life, had struck his tent here and there, and had restlessly wandered to and fro, letting his violin be heard now at joyous festivals, now at the house of mourning. As a boy he had wandered about the world with a violinist of mediocrity; had rendered him the most self-sacrificing services, had faithfully shared want and grief with him. From him he had learned the first principles of violin-playing. When his friend and master died, from a disease of the chest, he bequeathed him his Amati, blessed it, and thanked him for all his care of him. From that time Isaac looked upon this violin as his greatest treasure. He never allowed it to leave his sight; yes, he would sooner have given up wife and child than this sweet comforter. With it he could endure all hardships; it was his life, his happiness. When his faithful wife Rebecca died, it had sung over her the touching lament for the dead; then he had taken his little daughter by the hand, and wandered away, leaving the care of the interment to other hands. There were days when he went without food, in order to nourish and clothe his child; then he would seat himself in some corner, and draw tones from his Amati that would make him forget his hunger. He often played until he became unconscious; but his hand would always clasp the instrument tightly, and when he felt the pain in his chest, which tormented him oftener and more painfully the older he grew, he would stretch out his meagre fingers, pass them gently over its strings, touch its bridge, then its head, and—suffer on without complaint.

Leah, his beautiful and beloved child, had long been accustomed to look upon the Amati with holy timidity and reverence; it seemed to her to be a part of the life and soul of her father. She listened to every note of the strange instrument with devotion. In the night-time its tones would pass tremblingly from out her father's chamber, penetrate into Leah's little sleeping-room, and joyously greet her in her maidenly dreams. Like the sound of a peacefully-flowing stream, they would quiet her, and lull her into a blissful unconsciousness.

Since the handsome Joseph had become her father's pupil, Leah's dreams had taken another form. She had assisted at all the lessons; but, seeing that neither master nor pupil took notice of her, she gave herself up with mind and soul to the dangerous pleasure of watching the charming varying lights and shades of a passionate soul play upon the young man's brow.

By day she but looked forward to his coming in the evening. The young man's finely-chiselled features stood ever before her soul; his magical eyes beamed continually upon her. The night gave her no rest. The sound of the violin agitated a deep, wild sea, whose every billow bore upon it the beloved form; the dear face smiled upon her, and two arms extended themselves longingly towards her. But when she would bend forward to clasp the beautiful image, it would fade away like a shadow—ever near and yet ever unattainable. The more glowing the heart, the more concealed its love! Leah's countenance betrayed naught of her struggles and contests; the summer, autumn, and winter passed away, and the spring approached. Then she felt for the first time that this passion, in which her whole existence was cast, was gradually consuming her body. This feverish thrill of delight when Joseph's step was heard from afar, this stupefying anxiety when he remained absent longer than usual, the long, painful hours when she did not see him, those nights filled with wild dreams, were ruining her health. Leah rejoiced at the increasing weakness of her body. There are moments in which hope would be madness, in which there is but one consoling angel for the bleeding heart—the thought of death.

Joseph had no suspicion of this. He scarcely noticed the young girl; he bowed to her when he came and when he departed, and occasionally would make some indifferent inquiry of her; that was all. He appeared to have but one thought—to learn. His progress was such that it actually terrified his teacher. Notwithstanding his success, the young man remained sad and gloomy; an indescribable melancholy was seen both in his face and manner. Leah took his secret sorrow to heart, and thus suffered doubly.

One evening Joseph said suddenly to old Isaac: "The more I learn, the more miserable I become. Of what avail is my skill if my tones always remain weak and without charm? My violin is loathsome to me; its groaning makes me ill. Why did I hear your Amati?" He threw his instrument violently upon the table, approached the Jew, and, trembling with excitement, he whispered: "I must say it to you, else my heart will



break. You alone can cure my grief. You alone can make me well and joyous. I entreat you, for the sake of my poor soul, sell me your violin!"

The Jew became pale as a corpse, and clasped his fingers convulsively around his beloved instrument.

"Sell it to me, I implore you! See me on my knees before you. Have compassion! Since the evening that I first heard its seductive sounds, I have struggled with an insane longing for its possession. I cannot free myself from its tones; I hear them ever, day and night. It will drive me mad. The Amati has bewitched me; I would sell my eternal happiness for the sake of this enchantress. Speak, demand what you will; I will give you all my property; for I shall be of age in two months. I would rather be a beggar, and wander forth in the wide world with the Amati, than be a rich man without it."

"Do you know that you demand my life?"

"Old man, your days are numbered; how short the time that you have yet to live! You are weary, and should pass the evening of your life in repose. I would assist you and your daughter. With my youth that torments me, with my vigour that makes me suffer martyrdom—how many years have I before me! I feel that I cannot live without the Amati."

"When I have passed away, the violin shall become yours; I swear it by the God of my fathers. But so long as old Isaac breathes, no emperor, no king, is rich enough to buy it from him."

"Isaac, do not drive me mad! I must possess the Amati!"

"Would you kill me like a dog, in order to rob me? If so, it would become your curse!"

"You will not—really not? Is this your last word?"

"My last. I cannot sell the violin!"

"Then God help me; you will never see me more!"

With these words he turned, and walked away.

"Never again?" murmured a voice that sounded like that of a dying person. It was Leah who spoke. She arose mechanically, followed, and overtook him at the house-door. Joseph stopped. The young girl laid her hand heavily upon his shoulder, looked at him wildly, and asked him, slowly, accentuating each word: "Will you remain should the Amati become yours? Will you be happy—quite happy?"

The young man gazed long and inquiringly at the speaker. She trembled under his glance, and withdrew her hand. A veil was rent from before Joseph's eyes. He bent down to her, and whispered: "Leah, do you love me?"

She gave a faint cry, and would have fled.

Joseph held her fast. A wild joy darted through his heart. Quick as thought he wound his arm around Leah's slender form, and said, in a low voice: "Girl, I will return your love if you will venture for me that which I suspect! Have you the courage to make not me alone, but both of us, happy?"

Leah raised her black eyes, and her glance was so ravishing and convincing that the young man felt deeply moved, and bent down to kiss the charming creature. The young girl checked him gravely and hastily, and said: "Await me every evening at the entrance of the forest; as soon as I can persuade my father to consent to your wish, I will bring you the Amati."

"And if he remain inexorable?"

"You shall be happy; trust to me."

Joseph waited long. Night after night passed; Leah came not. The young man became ever more impatient; this continual wavering between hope and fear irritated him to the utmost degree. Those around him suffered much; he was so cross and violent that all avoided him. There were moments when to attain his object he would have been capable of murdering the old Jew; there were others when he would have liked to kill himself, so as not to feel the burning longing which drove him restlessly to and fro. On the ninth Leah came. It was almost daybreak. Thick clouds had gathered, and the day threatened to be overcast. A cool wind agitated the folds of the long black dress that the Jewess wore. She walked slowly and solemnly. The cold grey light of morning made her features appear so pale that Joseph was terrified. She carried the Amati in her hands, and extended it to him from afar. When he took it from her, a violent shudder ran through her frame, and she said, moving her lips with difficulty: "There—there—take it, and be happy; love me, for now I have nothing but you!"

"What do you say?"

"My father is dead! It was so to be! He withstood my fervent entreaties; he withstood my tears, my despair. To-night, at midnight, whilst he was sleeping deeply and gently, I robbed him of his treasure. I listened at his chamber-door; all remained still. Then I heard groaning. I ran to return him his comforter. I reached the bedside and leaned over the poor old man: it was too late! He only recognized me, and with his last breath called me *murderess*! Keep your word, for I have robbed—murdered—for you!"

She fell fainting into his arms.

Joseph raised her. "Unhappy one," he said coldly, "what have you done? By heaven, I did not wish this! Why did you not let me die, instead of staining your soul and mine with a horrible murder? The prize is too trifling for so great a sin!"

Leah started. She convulsively pressed her hand upon her heart; a fearful change passed over her countenance. She cast a look upon the man whom she had loved so unutterably, even unto guilt—a look that caused Joseph to forget everything, even the possession of the

Amati. Then she said, with the calmness of death: "Father, you are avenged upon your murderess—she has atoned for her crime!"

She turned proudly, and, with a firm step, walked towards the house and disappeared in the doorway.

Twelve years had passed since that fatal morning. Franz Joseph Anderle was much altered. He had become an opulent man; he had taken his father's brewery, had married a rich wife—one chosen by his parents—and was the father of two children. He could scarcely be called handsome now; his brow was gloomy, his eye was dim. He was never seen to smile; he never partook of any pleasure; never jested or played with his children. He was gentle with all, but silent and secret as the grave. The day on which he received the Amati, he had been attacked by a violent nervous fever, and besieged by the wildest fancies. He would not allow his dearly-bought violin to be taken from him. It was fearful to see the sick man rise up in bed and play heart-rending melodies upon it. At these times his friends would forsake the room, overpowered by an insurmountable feeling of horror and dismay. His mother alone remained, and, kneeling beside the bed, would pray until the last dread-inspiring tone had died away. When Joseph recovered, he inquired for Leah. None had seen her; but one of her little shoes had been found upon the brink of the deep pond. The all too ardent heart was at rest.

Then Joseph, with a shudder, looked up his Amati, and vowed never to draw his bow again. He endeavoured to live like others; but his heart was almost broken; his life resembled that of a rose-tree that has been planted in a foreign clime and which bears thorns and leaves, not blossoms. He wrestled with his ever-increasing artistic impulses, until the power of resistance left him—his genius conquered. He took out his Amati, kissed it as he would have done a holy relic, and secretly forsook his house and home. He wandered to Poland, took lodgings in Warsaw, practised and listened much, and then suddenly appeared with great success in public. His technical skill was wonderful, and the gloomy passion of his execution exerted an endless charm upon his listeners. The mere tone of his instrument possessed a magical power. They endeavoured to retain Franz Joseph Anderle in Warsaw, and many advantageous offers were made him; but it seemed as though a portion of the restless nomadic nature of his dead teacher had passed from his violin into the young man. He could not remain long in any place. Neither ambition nor the prospect of gain could retain him more than a few days in any one spot. His name became rapidly known, and his journeys through Poland and Hungary resembled a triumphal procession. The most distinguished people thronged around him; they overwhelmed him with tokens of their favour; whoever heard him play idolized him. Joseph was at first intoxicated with this life. His sombre brow grew cheerful; he allowed himself to be carried away on the billows of applause, which rose ever higher and higher about him, and enjoyed all the pleasures that beset his path. He forgot his home. Wife and children were to him but shadowy forms. Now he could live for his art, and he possessed the Amati: the glowing wishes of his heart were fulfilled. In the midst of the intoxication of his changeable life, the spectre of satiety would often glide by him, in the shape of the beautiful, sorrowful Leah, and touch his heart; his wild joy would be chilled and become converted into misanthropic sadness. Whilst the name of Franz Joseph Anderle became world-renowned, and many hundreds longed to gaze upon this new star in the heaven of Art, the famous artist himself became each day more ill and more gloomy. The fear that some one would steal his Amati, and with it the soul of his art, at last became a monomania with him. He watched the Amati with greater anxiety and care than the old man had done; sleep never visited his eyes. Leah, the ardently-loving, wondrously beautiful Leah, appeared to him in tearful beauty. He called her by name, with an expression of deep repentance and tenderness; he extended his arms towards the airy image: in vain—it only pointed to the violin and wrung its hands in anxious entreaty. Then he would press the Amati firmly in his arms, and sink in semi-unconsciousness upon the cushions of his sofa. Such scenes were repeated at ever shorter intervals; to escape from this torturing apparition, he changed ever more frequently the place of his abode. The physicians shook their heads, spoke of a different climate, of return to his own home; but they did not help him. Thus passed many sad weeks. Anderle's condition remained unchanged. Suddenly the artist disappeared. The newspapers were filled with inquiries and conjectures; the whole musical world took the liveliest interest in this enigmatical flight. All endeavoured to find the solution of this wonderful occurrence. Long in vain. At last the following notice appeared in the Bohemian journals:—

"The wanderer has returned; the mother-country has reclaimed her gifted son. Franz Joseph Anderle's body now rests in the bosom of his native land. Bohemia has heard his *swan's* song. In Podiebrad, his birthplace, there stands near the wood, an old, dilapidated hut, half in ruins, which has been tenantless for many years. The place was avoided; for people said that it was haunted. On last Sunday evening the inhabitants of Podiebrad heard strange, penetrating sounds that proceeded seemingly from the interior of the hut. They assembled around it and listened; they heard the tones of a magnificent violin. None ventured to open the door; but they whispered about an old Jew who had formerly lived

and died there. Several people even declared that this Sunday was the anniversary of his death. At last they ran for the chaplain. The reverend father came; he sprinkled the threshold with holy water, and prayed silently. The enchanting song of the violin continued—now wild, gloomy, horrible, now so unspeakably soft and touching that tears ran down the listeners' cheeks. Suddenly, in the midst of the softest, the most beautiful adagio, the melody ceased. A violent crash was heard—then a hollow fall. They rushed in, and found the celebrated violinist Franz Joseph Anderle lying dead upon the floor. His Amati, shattered to pieces, lay beside him. He would not give his beloved to any other living soul, and so took her away with him in death. His countenance bore an expression of peace and a transfigured repose, such as it had never worn whilst living—the fulfilment of the longing that formerly beamed in his eyes. God, in his eternal mercy, had given rest to this troubled soul."

### THE CAT'S FUGUE.

IMAGINE a little house, half hidden in dark-green myrtle-bushes, overgrown with grape-vines, and surrounded by wild roses and orange-trees, resting upon a magnificent couch—Naples, the queen of cities—and with the ever-lauding Italian sky extended above it. A scene so richly coloured is too captivating for eyes half dazzled by snow and ice; we place ourselves, with hearts full of longing, in the midst of this luxuriant loveliness; we speak of the deep-blue, shining heavens as if we felt the reanimating, intoxicating kisses of the sun, until at length we fancy ourselves gazing upon the strange, enchanting splendour of the South.

Study long this lovely picture, and then turn your eyes towards an old, carelessly-attired man. He is seated before the door of the house, gazing thoughtfully into the distance. An orange-tree occasionally lets fall its odorous blossoms; he heeds them not; the rose-leaves sportively kiss his head, gay butterflies flutter around him; all in vain; the busy, moving life about him attracts him not. Yet passion and emotion are depicted upon his dark, nobly-chiselled features, and his flashing Italian eyes contrast strangely with the northern snow upon his head. It was the master Alessandro Scarlatti. A harp leaned against his chair, and before it a large black cat had seated herself with an indescribably serious air and with inimitable dignity. She was engaged in allowing the tip of her tail (which, like her left ear, was of a dazzling white) to dance gently over the strings, by which singular experiment the strangest sounds were, of course, produced. As her master was never displeased at her musical studies, she abandoned herself to them every morning; she would draw the tip of her tail, with the drollest gestures and leaps, to and fro across the harp, and then, overcome with emotion, would sing one of those old melancholy airs peculiar to her race, which, it is said, are capable of softening stones and driving men mad.

All this never disturbed Master Scarlatti. On the contrary, he laughed like a good-natured fellow at his cat's eccentricities. In the evening the cat sat in a corner of the room, with a face like that of a pathetic alderman, and listened to the playing of her beloved master upon the harp. His performance must have been glorious, for all the little birds that sang in the orange-trees and myrtle-bushes came flying near in order to hear him, and the roses put their little heads into the open window with such haste and impatience that often a tender little bud would lose its sweet life. The master looked like the strange old bard Ossian, although not so sorrow-stricken nor so bowed down with grief. Was it, then, strange that the sensitive and unsophisticated soul of a cat, who wept the loss of her dead beloved, should melt into melancholy tears at these magical sounds, and that her green eyes should overflow as did those of the King of Thule? When Scarlatti noticed her grief, he would draw his faithful four-footed companion towards him, and kiss and stroke her until she had become cheerful. The cat led a delightful life with her kind master, for whom she supplied the place of friend, wife, and child, and never left him by day or night. When the old master composed, the cat, sitting quite motionless upon his left shoulder, would move the white tip of her tail over the crown of his head; but when Scarlatti's thoughts came not quickly, or his hand grew fatigued, or the ink thickened, he would become angry and impatient, and would throw the cat from him to the middle of the room by an involuntary shrug of his shoulders. She did not take this rough treatment amiss, but—as acts a judicious wife towards her scolding husband—uncomplaining and gentle, returned softly from her sorrowful banishment, and remounted to her forsaken throne with the most comfortable purring. When the master put aside his pen and paper, the cat received a thousand caressing words, besides many things delectable to her palate.

Each day would have been a holiday for her, had it not been for Sundays. Then a strange wild fellow was accustomed to take up his quarters at Master Scarlatti's, and to remain with him until the quiet night enveloped in her starry mantle the weary earth. The visitor was a favorite pupil of the master; he came from far-distant Germany, and was called Haase. A merry youth was he; he delighted to torment the worthy cat in every possible manner; at one time he would fasten a bell to her tail, at another he would put tiny shoes upon her feet; he would crown her with roses, or scatter orange-blossoms over her, whose strong perfume the cat's nose could not endure, and which always made her sneeze convulsively.



Besides all this, the young German owned a wicked little dog; but even the cat, his sworn enemy, was forced to confess that he was charming; he was dazlingly white, agile, and graceful, with sagacious brown eyes. This spoiled favorite was even wilder, more unrestrained, and less considerate than his master; with their teasing the cat fretted herself quite thin.

One Sunday the cat sprang up and down the harp, wildly extemporizing; but her master sat thoughtfully gazing into the distance, as I have already described. And see, the dreaded visitor appeared during the first prelude. Lightly and quickly trod he; very handsome was he, with his flowing brown locks and rosy cheeks; at his side leaped and ran his little companion. "Good morning, Master Scarlatti," cried he, with cordial tone and looks; "how pleased I am to see you!" Scarlatti nodded, smiled—half friendly at the greeting, half mockingly at the strange German accent of the speaker—and replied: "To-day I am a bad companion and friend, Hasse, for I have so much in my head; all kinds of tones buzz confusedly in my ears, and still I cannot form a single melody out of them; I seek something peculiar and original, and, not finding it, I am in despair! I beg you, do not torment me with your pranks, or I will twist your troublesome little dog's neck!"—"Hold, hold, Master Scarlatti!" cried his visitor, "that will not be easy to do; although you are in a bad humour, you shall not touch my pet; you know that he was the parting gift of my dear blonde German love, whose affection and fidelity accompany me as does my little Truelove."

The master turned towards the young man with a kind smile, and gazed upon his bright and almost childish countenance. The youth stood leaning against an orange-tree, surrounded by Southern splendour; his eyes were directed towards the heavens; did he dream of his beloved home in beautiful Germany, with her clear sky, bright green trees, gay flowers, and snow-crowned mountains—or did his longing thoughts fly to the fairest of all flowers, his far-absent, constant love? The clouds that had gathered around his brow soon vanished, as Truelove sprang upon him and licked his hands. The master lost himself anew in deep brooding, and his scholar was left to watch over the peace and order of the household; he did this for a short time, but, after delivering an admirable sermon to the two animals, he drew a small wig and a pair of spectacles out of his pocket, and decked the poor cat with them, despite all resistance. This appeared to particularly delight Truelove; he barked loudly, and danced in front of the despairing sufferer with the grace and agility of a tight-rope dancer. Scarlatti looked around at the group, and smiled to himself, whilst growling at Hasse, who, fearing a volcanic outbreak, enticed the animals into the master's room. The old piano stood open; the young man's fingers glided over the keys as he played a frantic witches' dance. Truelove jumped as though mad; at last, in the highest spirits, he sprang, with a cry of joy, upon the unhappy cat's back, clasping her neck tightly with his forepaws. Then the patience of the cat's soul vanished; with the thought, "to be or not to be," she tore around, endeavoured to climb the walls, jumped, foaming and screaming with rage, over tables and chairs; the master's papers flew about like chaff; clouds of dust filled the little room. Hasse ran after them; his calls, his scolding, were of no avail. The cat, exhausted, filled with shame at the insult offered her, and angry at her own weakness, conceived a grand idea—she would call her master to her assistance. She sprang upon the keys of the piano, trod upon them, coursed wildly up and down, and gave the heart-rending cry of her race. At the first singular tone, Truelove fell half senseless from the inspired one's back; a hollow accord announced this descent—the cat's spectacles followed—the wig alone remained. The confused tones became melody: Hasse listened; but the old master's face, beaming with the sunshine of passionate delight, peered amid the wild roses and vine-leaves into the open window, and he cried: "To my heart, cat! You have found it!" Nearly swooning, she rushed into his arms. Scarlatti immediately dismissed his madcap scholar until the following day.

When the young man appeared before his master on the next morning, Scarlatti showed him, with radiant and triumphant looks, a sheet of paper, thickly covered with notes, over which stood, in large letters, this title: "The Cat's Fugue." Master Scarlatti seated himself at the piano, and played; with joyous astonishment the young man recognized in the strange, artistically interwoven and reconstructed theme the singular signal of distress and diabolical melody of the wild hunt which the despairing cat had performed upon the keys. Master and scholar laughed heartily at its conclusion; the crowned cat, however, sat upon the left shoulder of her master, who asserted to the day of his death that she had joined in the laugh like a human being.

Let me impart to you in conclusion, an important secret: she was said to have been the great-great-granddaughter of the sister-in-law of the niece of Hoffman's celebrated cat Murr.

SCOUNDRELS bring thee reputation  
In attempting defamation  
By the tongue or pen:  
But all powers of Heaven defend thee  
When a knave seeks to commend thee  
Unto honest men!

\* Katzenfuge.

## Poetry.

### SUMMER VOICES

Oh, love all things lovely, and strive to forget  
That on earth exist sorrow, pain, sin, and regret;  
A summer all sunshine—the calm of life's sea—  
Enjoy them whilst God gives his blessings to thee.

Now look up to heaven with heart full of delight,  
And see the bright clouds pass like angels in flight;  
But think not, whilst gazing upon them, that they  
Must soon from the firmament vanish away.

And love the blue waves of the wonderful deep,  
When the storms are by Summer lulled softly to sleep;  
But think not, whilst watching the slumbering wave,  
It soon may engulf the proud bark of the brave.

And love the sweet roses, that smile on ye now  
From the light leafy spray of the beautiful bough;  
And pity the man who, beholding them smile,  
Talks only of earth's imperfections the while.

And love the bright blossoms, their exquisite grace—  
What matter to us a wee leaf out of place,  
When they seem from their hearts to pour all that they  
can  
To stimulate love in the cold heart of man?

And love all the wild birds, which, happy and gay,  
Enjoy all that's bright, heeding nought of decay;  
And turn a deaf ear, whilst their melodies float,  
To connoisseurs quibbling "defects in a note."

Ah! pity the vain, the simple conceit  
Of those who make bitter what God has made sweet;  
Who, ignorant often of all they condemn,  
Would tarnish the worth of the loveliest gem.

Be not like the cynic, who beauty dissects,  
Whose eyes are but microscopes seeking defects,  
Whose lips never utter'd unqualified praise,  
Though the loveliest things of the earth met his gaze.

But honour the spirit confiding and true,  
That strives to keep always bright objects in view;  
Who speaks of a brother in charity kind,  
And seeks not his faults or his failings to find!

### TOGETHER.

Bright was the sunshine of that August day,  
And o'er the harvest fields the sun look'd down  
With regal splendour like an eye of God,  
Beaming bless'd benedictions on the corn  
That waved in plenty like a sunset sea,  
When from the cottage nestling 'mongst the trees,  
The music of whose ever-whispering leaves  
Mingles with all my dreams of happiness,  
We pass'd together, darling Kate and I—  
Together, but not yet our lips had told  
What our fond hearts with bliss had both believed,  
What our fond hearts knew well had made us one.  
How beautiful and blue the sky that morn,  
While round us smiled a summer legacy  
Of fruits, full ears, and flowers! Our hearts communed,  
Silently, but with gratitude to God,  
The God who loves to make his children bless'd,  
And made the world so wondrous beautiful.

All things rejoiced around us; so we grew  
To love each other, how we scarce could tell,  
And yet as closely twined in trust our hearts  
As the convolvulus, whose fair white arms  
Round the clematis garlanded the trees  
With an embrace of beauty, and such love  
You felt they were companions until death.

All things rejoiced around us; even the lark  
Hid in the snow-white bosom of the cloud,  
The cloud that like an angel spreads its wings  
Brooding with love over the plenteous fields,  
Emptied its heart of music o'er our heads,  
And, unseen as the fragrance of a flower,  
Enter'd our being, mingling with the bliss  
That rippled round our souls. We wonder'd not,  
When from the distant fields the merry laugh  
Of happy gleaners came upon the breeze,  
How in the sunlight of the harvest fields,  
Thousands of years ago, two true hearts felt  
The bliss of loving and the joys of love.  
We talk'd of Ruth amidst the yellow corn;  
And when we look'd into each other's eyes,  
That sacred idyll grew to us more fond;  
And beautiful as the heather that made earth  
Blush, as if conscious of its loveliness,  
The rose-tint spread over my Katie's face,  
Revealing, in that sweetest angel's flower  
A first love-blush, the secret that no words  
Can make articulate.  
And thus we came to that dear quiet nook  
Beside the sea, the beautiful blue sea,  
Thrice dear to every heart when love first dawns,  
Because the happy lover joys to think  
Immeasurable, exhaustless as the sea,  
With all its buried treasures is his love.  
Oh, Katie! when so near you by that shore,

Amongst those friends whose generous hearts grew warm  
To feel we were so happy—the sea so calm,  
The sunlight spangling the long line of beach  
And spreading haloes of diviner light  
Upon the wild sea-plants and flowers that fringe  
The sand, whose life and every joy depend  
On the salt kisses of the passionate sea—  
In this dear place, with heart so full of bliss,  
How could I wonder, midst such light and love,  
That men should give so aptly to this spot  
The heart-remember'd name of Felix-stowe?

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### FLOWERS AND JOYS FOR ME.

Flowers and joys for me!  
Bright and glorious weather!  
Smiles, O give to me,  
And Summer-time for ever;  
Songs of sweetest music,  
By the birds or streams,  
Or the joyous poet  
Reverling in his dreams!  
Ah! with happy voices  
Let my portion be;  
All that here rejoices,  
Come be friends with me!

Flowers and joys for me!  
Happy smiling faces,  
Where no grief or care  
Leaves its joyless traces;  
Give me hope and sunshine,  
Spirits glad and free,  
Bright eyes fondly beaming,  
Full of Love for me!  
Then, when Summer closes,  
And ere joys decay,  
Painless as the roses  
I would pass away!

### THE ROSE'S BELOVED.

The Butterfly loveth the bright-blushing Rose,  
And flutters about it with kisses untold;  
The Sunbeam its love for the Butterfly shows,  
And caresses its pinions of purple and gold.

But who is beloved of the Rose, can you say?  
For fain would I know whom the Rose deigns to love.  
The Nightingale is it, that trills her lay?  
Or the Evening Star, smiling, but silent, above?

I know not the Rose's beloved one;  
But I love them all, and love them all well—  
The Butterfly, Rose, and Beam of the Sun,  
The Star of the Evening and sweet Philomel.

### VOICES OF THE TREES.

WHAT are the green trees saying,  
In the dim forest lales?  
Those glorious branches swaying  
Nenth Summer's golden smiles—  
The volunaries rolling  
At noon and twilight dim—  
What means the solemn music?  
Is't prayer or vesper hymn?

To such harmonious music  
I feel there should be words:  
Oh! have the trees their language,  
Like joyous-hearted birds?  
With whom hold they communion  
Through the long Summer hours?  
Talk they with their Creator,  
Or only to the flowers?

Kings of the mighty forest,  
With garlands at your feet,  
I love your mystic language,  
So weird-like and so sweet.  
Ye seem to teach my spirit,  
While looking from the sod:—  
"For life, for strength, for glory,  
Look always up to God?"

### THE VIOLET.

PERMIT me from thy wreathy band  
To pluck one flower alone;  
My life is but a bleak, bare land,  
Where flower hath never grown.

Or if by chance one should arise,  
'Tis poison'd soon by woe;  
Yet round thy laughter-moisten'd eyes  
How plenteously they grow.

Should sorrow ever visit thee,—  
And whom doth sorrow spare?—  
My heart will beat in sympathy;  
Thy grief will enter there.

In striving then to comfort thine,  
Will I my woe forget;  
And in thy fading wreath entwine  
A votive violet.

Printed and published by ABRAHAM GOULD, at the Office of the  
"MUSICAL MONTHLY," 33 Firth Street, Soho Square, London, W.  
—FRIDAY, JULY 1st, 1864.



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W. M. LUTZ.

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t. I'll tell her when we meet . . . . .	2	6
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I'm no Coquette (Duet, Soprano and Tenor) . . . . .	4	0

The Complete Work for Voice and Piano, small edition . . . . . 10 6

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t. Flora . . . . .	2	6
m. I'd once a London lover . . . . .	2	6
t. Mary wreathed her shining hair . . . . .	2	6
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### Songs from "Dreamland."

VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

	s.	d.
c. Dreams of those who love me . . . . .	2	6
c. Light through darkness . . . . .	2	6
m. Slumber, mine own, in C . . . . .	2	6
s. Ditto in E flat . . . . .	2	6
t. Win or die . . . . .	3	0
Swift flows the sea (Duet, Soprano and Tenor) . . . . .	2	6

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c. My own dear native fields . . . . .	2	0
s. Where the primrose decks the well . . . . .	2	0
b. The man of the mill . . . . .	2	6
Be still, O ye winds (Duet, Soprano and Tenor) . . . . .	3	0

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Blue eyed Nelly . . . . .	2	6
Brother's fainting at the door . . . . .	2	6
Carrie Lee . . . . .	2	6
Day our mother died . . . . .	2	6
Nellie's gone for ever . . . . .	2	0
Silver moonlight winds (Illus.) . . . . .	2	6
Weeping sad and lonely . . . . .	2	6
Why are my loved ones gone? . . . . .	2	6
Beautiful Norah . . . . .	2	6
Down in the valley . . . . .	2	6
Annie Lisle . . . . .	2	6
The moon behind the hill . . . . .	2	0
Good-bye, Sam . . . . .	2	6
Tapioca (Comic) . . . . .	2	6
The sly young 'coon (Comic) . . . . .	2	0
Under the willow she's sleeping . . . . .	2	0
I'm going home to Dixey (Walk-round) . . . . .	2	6
With hearts light and joyous (Traviata Opening Chorus) . . . . .	3	0

### Drawing-room Comic Songs.

The following Songs, being all of moderate compass, are suitable for any voice.

	s.	d.
A Horrible Tale . . . . .	2	6
Betsy Wareing . . . . .	2	6
British Lion, The . . . . .	2	6
Captain Jenks . . . . .	2	6
Drummer to the Corps . . . . .	2	6
Dundreary's Brother Sam . . . . .	2	6
Happy little man, The . . . . .	3	0
I don't intend to wed . . . . .	2	6
Just a little too late (Hatton) . . . . .	3	0
Lord Ronald the bold . . . . .	3	0
Ladies' Opportunity, The (Song for Leap Year) . . . . .	2	6
Ladies' Man, The . . . . .	2	6
Maid in the Moon, The . . . . .	2	6
Merriest girl that's out, The . . . . .	2	6
Nightmare, The (Grand Scene) . . . . .	3	0
No, Willie, we've not missed you . . . . .	2	0
Queer news from home . . . . .	2	0
Red Petticoat, The (Song for Leap Year) . . . . .	2	6
Seven Dials Tragedy, The . . . . .	2	6
Somebody . . . . .	2	6
Sparkling Champagne . . . . .	2	6
Uncle Jack (Hatton) . . . . .	2	6
Unprotected female . . . . .	2	6
When George the Third was King . . . . .	2	6

Most of the above are illustrated in colors.

LONDON: METZLER & CO., 37, 38, 35 & 36, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, W.



Besides all this, the young German owned a wicked little dog; but even the cat, his sworn enemy, was forced to confess that he was charming; he was dazlingly white, agile, and graceful, with sagacious brown eyes. This spoiled favorite was even wilder, more unrestrained, and less considerate than his master; with their teasing the cat fretted herself quite thin.

One Sunday the cat sprang up and down the harp, wildly extemporizing; but her master sat thoughtfully gazing into the distance, as I have already described. And see, the dreaded visitor appeared during the first prelude. Lightly and quickly trod he; very handsome was he, with his flowing brown locks and rosy cheeks; at his side leaped and ran his little companion. "Good morning, Master Scarlatti," cried he, with cordial tone and looks; "how pleased I am to see you!" Scarlatti nodded, smiled—half friendly at the greeting, half mockingly at the strange German accent of the speaker—and replied: "To-day I am a bad companion and friend, Hasse, for I have so much in my head; all kinds of tones buzz confusedly in my ears, and still I cannot form a single melody out of them; I seek something peculiar and original, and, not finding it, I am in despair! I beg you, do not torment me with your pranks, or I will twist your troublesome little dog's neck!"—"Hold, hold, Master Scarlatti!" cried his visitor, "that will not be easy to do; although you are in a bad humour, you shall not touch my pet; you know that he was the parting gift of my dear blonde German love, whose affection and fidelity accompany me as does my little Truelove."

The master turned towards the young man with a kind smile, and gazed upon his bright and almost childish countenance. The youth stood leaning against an orange-tree, surrounded by Southern splendour; his eyes were directed towards the heavens; did he dream of his beloved home in beautiful Germany, with her clear sky, bright green trees, gay flowers, and snow-crowned mountains—or did his longing thoughts fly to the fairest of all flowers, his far-absent, constant love? The clouds that had gathered around his brow soon vanished, as Truelove sprang upon him and licked his hands. The master lost himself anew in deep brooding, and his scholar was left to watch over the peace and order of the household; he did this for a short time, but, after delivering an admirable sermon to the two animals, he drew a small wig and a pair of spectacles out of his pocket, and decked the poor cat with them, despite all resistance. This appeared to particularly delight Truelove; he barked loudly, and danced in front of the despairing sufferer with the grace and agility of a tight-rope dancer. Scarlatti looked around at the group, and smiled to himself, whilst growling at Hasse, who, fearing a volcanic outbreak, enticed the animals into the master's room. The old piano stood open; the young man's fingers glided over the keys as he played a frantic witches' dance. Truelove jumped as though mad; at last, in the highest spirits, he sprang, with a cry of joy, upon the unhappy cat's back, clasping her neck tightly with his forepaws. Then the patience of the cat's soul vanished; with the thought, "to be or not to be," she tore around, endeavoured to climb the walls, jumped, foaming and screaming with rage, over tables and chairs; the master's papers flew about like chaff; clouds of dust filled the little room. Hasse ran after them; his calls, his scolding, were of no avail. The cat, exhausted, filled with shame at the insult offered her, and angry at her own weakness, conceived a grand idea—she would call her master to her assistance. She sprang upon the keys of the piano, trod upon them, coursed wildly up and down, and gave the heart-rending cry of her race. At the first singular tone, Truelove fell half senseless from the inspired one's back; a hollow accord announced this descent—the cat's spectacles followed—the wig alone remained. The confused tones became melody: Hasse listened; but the old master's face, beaming with the sunshine of passionate delight, peered amid the wild roses and vine-leaves into the open window, and he cried: "To my heart, cat! You have found it!" Nearly swooning, she rushed into his arms. Scarlatti immediately dismissed his madcap scholar until the following day.

When the young man appeared before his master on the next morning, Scarlatti showed him, with radiant and triumphant looks, a sheet of paper, thickly covered with notes, over which stood, in large letters, this title: "The Cat's Fugue." Master Scarlatti seated himself at the piano, and played; with joyous astonishment the young man recognized in the strange, artistically interwoven and reconstructed theme the singular signal of distress and diabolical melody of the wild hunt which the despairing cat had performed upon the keys. Master and scholar laughed heartily at its conclusion; the crowned cat, however, sat upon the left shoulder of her master, who asserted to the day of his death that she had joined in the laugh like a human being.

Let me impart to you in conclusion, an important secret: she was said to have been the great-great-granddaughter of the sister-in-law of the niece of Hoffman's celebrated cat Murr.

SCOUNDRELS bring thee reputation  
In attempting defamation  
By the tongue or pen:  
But all powers of Heaven defend thee  
When a knave seeks to commend thee  
Unto honest men!

\* Katzenfuge.

## Poetry.

### SUMMER VOICES

Oh, love all things lovely, and strive to forget  
That on earth exist sorrow, pain, sin, and regret;  
A summer all sunshine—the calm of life's sea—  
Enjoy them whilst God gives his blessings to thee.

Now look up to heaven with heart full of delight,  
And see the bright clouds pass like angels in flight;  
But think not, whilst gazing upon them, that they  
Must soon from the firmament vanish away.

And love the blue waves of the wonderful deep,  
When the storms are by Summer lulld softly to sleep;  
But think not, whilst watching the slumbering wave,  
It soon may engulf the proud bark of the brave.

And love the sweet roses, that smile on ye now  
From the light leafy spray of the beautiful bough;  
And pity the man who, beholding them smile,  
Talks only of earth's imperfections the while.

And love the bright blossoms, their exquisite grace—  
What matter to us a wee leaf out of place,  
When they seem from their hearts to pour all that they  
can  
To stimulate love in the cold heart of man?

And love all the wild birds, which, happy and gay,  
Enjoy all that's bright, heeding nought of decay;  
And turn a deaf ear, whilst their melodies float,  
To connoisseurs quibbling "defects in a note."

Ah! pity the vain, the simple conceit  
Of those who make bitter what God has made sweet;  
Who, ignorant often of all they condemn,  
Would tarnish the worth of the loveliest gem.

Be not like the cynic, who beauty dissects,  
Whose eyes are but microscopes seeking defects,  
Whose lips never utter'd unqualified praise,  
Though the loveliest things of the earth met his gaze.

But honour the spirit confiding and true,  
That strives to keep always bright objects in view;  
Who speaks of a brother in charity kind,  
And seeks not his faults or his failings to find!

### TOGETHER.

Bright was the sunshine of that August day,  
And o'er the harvest fields the sun look'd down  
With regal splendour like an eye of God,  
Beaming bless'd benedictions on the corn  
That waved in plenty like a sunset sea,  
When from the cottage nestling 'mongst the trees,  
The music of whose ever-whispering leaves  
Mingles with all my dreams of happiness,  
We pass'd together, darling Kate and I—  
Together, but not yet our lips had told  
What our fond hearts with bliss had both believed,  
What our fond hearts knew well had made us one.  
How beautiful and blue the sky that morn,  
While round us smiled a summer legacy  
Of fruits, full ears, and flowers! Our hearts communed,  
Silently, but with gratitude to God,  
The God who loves to make his children bless'd,  
And made the world so wondrous beautiful.

All things rejoiced around us; so we grew  
To love each other, how we scarce could tell,  
And yet as closely twined in trust our hearts  
As the convolvulus, whose fair white arms  
Round the clematis garlanded the trees  
With an embrace of beauty, and such love  
You felt they were companions until death.

All things rejoiced around us; even the lark  
Hid in the snow-white bosom of the cloud,  
The cloud that like an angel spreads its wings  
Brooding with love over the plenteous fields,  
Emptied its heart of music o'er our heads,  
And, unseen as the fragrance of a flower,  
Enter'd our being, mingling with the bliss  
That rippled round our souls. We wonder'd not,  
When from the distant fields the merry laugh  
Of happy gleaners came upon the breeze,  
How in the sunlight of the harvest fields,  
Thousands of years ago, two true hearts felt  
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That sacred idyll grew to us more fond;  
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c. Dreams of those who love me					2 6
c. Light through darkness					2 6
m. Slumber, mine own, in C.					2 6
s. Ditto in E flat					2 6
t. Win or die					3 0
Swift flows the sea (Duet, Soprano and Tenor)					2 6

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Down in the valley					2 6
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The moon behind the hill					2 0
Good-bye, Sam					2 6
Tapioca (Comic)					2 6
The aly young 'coon (Comic)					2 0
Under the willow she's sleeping					2 0
I'm going home to Dixey (Walk-round)					2 6
With hearts light and joyous (Traviata Opening Chorus)					3 0

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Betsy Wareing					2 6
British Lion, The					2 6
Captain Jenks					2 6
Drummer to the Corps					2 6
Dundreary's Brother Sam					2 6
Happy little man, The					3 0
I don't intend to wed					2 6
Just a little too late (Hatton)					3 0
Lord Ronald the bold					3 0
Ladies' Opportunity, The (Song for Leap Year)					2 6
Ladies' Man, The					2 6
Maid in the Moon, The					2 6
Merriest girl that's out, The					2 6
Nightmare, The (Grand Scene)					3 0
No, Willie, we've not missed you					2 0
Queer news from home					2 0
Red Petticoat, The (Song for Leap Year)					2 6
Seven Dials Tragedy, The					2 6
Somebody					2 6
Sparkling Champagne					2 6
Uncle Jack (Hatton)					2 6
Unprotected female					2 6
When George the Third was King					2 6

Most of the above are illustrated in colors.

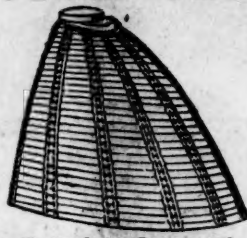
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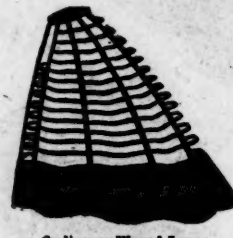
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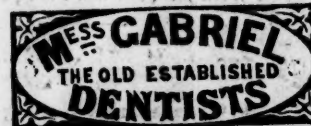


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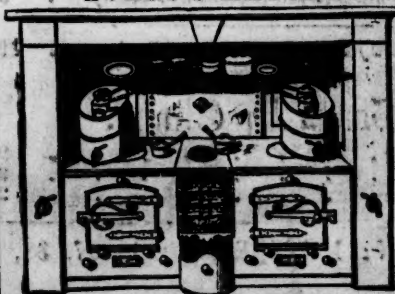
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